

Ruin

by Little Dragon-kun

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Summary: She might have been the best III, but the strongest don't always win. Especially when she hides a secret that can get the ones she loves killed...AU-ish, rated for safety and lemon in chapter 6

1. Chapter 1

**A/N: Yo what's up guys? TSUBASAXFai here with a new Halo story. I know I probably shouldn't have started this, especially since I have quite a few unfinished major projects on here, but I needed to get this one out. It's about three Spartan IIIs, two female and one male. Dedicated to a few friends on mine on Xbox. Hope you all like it.*

Ch. 1

Tyler pumped his Shotgun, prepared to give any Covvie a quick and hopefully painful death. Behind his Gold visor was a face determined on saving humanity, and finding someone to love. For many years, he thought he would never meet the one.

The angry roar of Elites snapped him back to reality. Four Elite Majors surrounded him, Energy Swords drawn. Tyler loaded a shell.

"Which one of you is first then?" he asked cockily. One of them charged, a bad choice for it. Tyler grinned and fired, sending the alien's head to the ground. The other Elites became furious at seeing one of their brethren dead by the Spartan's hands. The remaining Elites swung their swords at him. He dodged two of them, but the third cut through his Commando shoulder armor. Tyler hissed, pain flooding him. Before he could regain his senses, the Elite's Plasma Dagger stabbed him in the abdomen, cutting through the Spartan's Commando chest armor. The world spun around him, fading black. He waited for the end, but it never came. Instead, a blue Spartan had appeared, firing dual SMGs. The Elites howled as their insides

spilled on the ground, the ground being stained purple.

"Who are you?" Tyler asked, his vision blurry. The blue Spartan took off their helmet to reveal the most gorgeous woman he had ever seen. Deep blue pools for eyes, and blonde hair tied back.

"Shhh, sleep," she said softly. Tyler obeyed, and let himself rest.

Tyler woke up, and he found himself in a medical bay of sorts. Turning to his right, he saw his savior from before.

"Awake are we? You've been out for a couple of days," she said softly. Her voice was like velvet; soft and delicate. Tyler stretched out, and winced as his shoulder gave a shriek of protest.

"Careful now. We don't need any more Spartans getting too wounded to fight," she warned. Tyler managed to sit up, and felt the wound in his chest.

"Son of a bitch that hurt," he grumbled. He noticed his armor lying in a heap in front of him. Tyler groaned at the condition it was in. He was going to get a lot of shit from ONI for getting it damaged.

"Don't worry about the spooks. I'll take care of them." Tyler was confused as the blonde Spartan told him that. It was then that he noticed her rank. She was an Eclipse, one of the highest ranks in the Spartan III program. He looked down, a bit ashamed. He was only a Brigadier Grade 3. There was no way in hell he could get with that.

Tyler noticed another unusual thing about her. Her right arm was Bionic, completely metal.

"Don't be like the fucking ODSTs and stare please. You have no idea how annoying it is." Her sharp tone made Tyler rip his gaze away from the female Spartan's Bionic arm. He stood up, a bit wobbly, and made his way to his armor. The blonde made her way to help him, and Tyler couldn't help but noticed the way her hips shook.

"What is your current kill count?" he asked.

"I dunno, 1.5 million I think," she shrugged. Tyler's jaw dropped. 1.5 million confirmed Covenant kills!? This woman was definitely hyper lethal. He made a mental note to never piss her off. She helped him put his Commando shoulder and chest armor back on. His utility and wrist armor he could do himself. He gave another large stretch, glad to be in his armor again.

"I'm going to get my suit back on. See you in a few." With that, the blonde left, leaving Tyler to brood with his thoughts. He had no right to try hitting on an Eclipse, who could most likely kick his ass. Shaking his head, he put his helmet back on, his shields operational. Ten minutes later, the blonde was back, and Tyler was stunned. His thought his shoulder armor was huge, but hers was even bigger. On both shoulders were the Security armor, a kukri strapped to the right part. Her helmet was the MJOLNIR Mark VI, with a comlink on the side. Her chest was the Assault/Sapper[R] variant, and she had extra Shotgun shells on her left wrist, a Softcase for her utility,

and Grenadier knee guards. Her black visor was intimidating to say the least, and was the last thing many Covenant had seen before they were killed.

"I don't believe I caught your name. You mind telling me?" she asked, startling Tyler.

"I'm Tyler. Rank of Brigadier Grade 3. And who are you?" he returned.

"I'm Faye, rank of Eclipse." Tyler didn't want to point out he already knew that, as getting stabbed by her kukri was not on his 'to-do' list.

"So, what are our orders?" he asked. Faye scoffed.

"Come on Spartan, what do you think? ONI wants us to inflict as much hell as physically possible, and hopefully not die in the process." Tyler mentally smacked himself for asking a stupid question.

"I should have worded that better. What did our commanding officer say to do?" he asked.

"You're looking at the commanding officer," Faye said dryly. Tyler face palmed at himself. SHE was the CO!? This was unexpected.

"You're the one in charge? Well, I didn't expect that," Tyler admitted. Faye laughed lightly.

"Yup, I'm leader of team RWBY and its side army JNPR." Tyler grew even more impressed. He had heard the rumors that RWBY and JNPR were two of the most feared Spartan III clans around. They were on the same level as KSI and Darkest Before Dawn. The Big Four, they were called. His thoughts were interrupted by a Colonel Grade 3 entering, saluting when he saw Faye.

"Ma'am, JNPR is ready for some action. All base defenses are secured. It'll take a Covvie Supercarrier to breach it," he said. Faye nodded.

"Good to hear that A.J. Take as many men as you need. We'll need some Spartans to guard the base. Dismissed," she ordered. A.J saluted again and marched out. Fate beckoned Tyler to follow her. He fell in behind, and marveled at the very distinct feminine curves. Suddenly she stopped, and called someone on the COM.

"Tayler? Yeah, you and Jordan are in charge of the base for a long time. I'm counting on you to make sure everything runs smoothly when I'm absent. This honestly might be the one time I don't come back. Faye out." She cut the link and faced Tyler.

"We got to go out and destroy several Covenant camps around Reach. You up for it?" she asked. Tyler nodded, his confidence high.

"Good. Let's go get some guns." Faye led him to the armory, where he was in for a shock. There were both human weapons and Covenant artillery. Tyler grabbed a DMR and a Shotgun. Nothing too fancy for him. Faye grabbed a Sniper Rifle and two SMGs, which were strapped to both legs. Clips of ammo were put in their utility pouches. They each

grabbed four Frag grenades and four Plasma grenades. No saying when those would come in handy. For once, Tyler was glad he didn't have to work alone. Faye was one of three Spartan IIIs to be rated hyper-lethal, and her service record proved that. She had more confirmed headshot and Sniper Rifle kills than any other Spartan III. Tyler was a close-quarters specialist, and he was a beast with a Shotgun or Magnum. Both Spartans looked at the Magnums in the armory, and nodded. They each grabbed two and ten clips of ammo, which were put in their utilities. Tyler holstered both pistols, and pumped a round in the Shotgun.

"Do you know where the Covenant camps are?" Tyler asked, breaking the silence. Faye nodded and passed him a datapad. On it were the locations of multiple enemy installations.

"The first one shouldn't give us too much trouble. It's a small camp, guarded by a Shade turret and two Plasma turrets, along with a Ghost. Infantry is low thirties. There's a hill east of that, which is where I'll provide Sniper cover. I'll make sure the big guns are taken out first, making your job a bit easier. Is that okay with you?" Faye asked. Tyler nodded, not willing to piss off the lethal blonde beauty. He started to polish his knife, a way of telling he was nervous. Faye pulled the bolt back on the Sniper Rifle, and motioned for him to follow. Tyler fell in behind, waiting for where this journey will take himâ€!

**A/N: So, what do you think of this guys? The chapters will be a bit longer than this one, I just wanted the introductions done with. If you were wondering, RWBY is name of my clan on Halo: Reach and Halo 4. We have quite a bit of power, as we have three Eclipses in the clan. Review guys?**

**Ja**

2. Chapter 2

A/N: Sorry for keeping you waiting, but my laptop got taken away and I can only write while I'm in school. God it is annoying as fuck. I wanted to update a couple of things, and I'm announcing the publish of three one-shots related to 'The Power of Three' series. They are all on my profile, and all of my planned works are on there as well if you're interested. Without further ado, here's my second chapter.

Ch. 2

Tyler, creeping quietly, waited for Faye to give him the order to strike.

"Wait until I get the big guns out first. Then you can strike," she said over the COM. Tyler flashed his acknowledge light green, signaling he understood.

On hill about a mile from Covenant camp

Faye pulled the bolt back on her Sniper Rifle and zoomed in. Her first priority was to take out the Ghost patrolling the camp. Unless it was destroyed first, the Covenant would know something was up. She lined up the sight, and fired a single round.

The loud crack of a Sniper Rifle filled the air, and the Grunt driver fell out of the side, a bullet going clean through its head. The round had also damaged the controls significantly, rendering the craft inoperable. The Shade turret turned in the direct of the shot, trying to find the shooter. Another shot was fired, and the Elite gunner was also dead. Two more shots and the turret was destroyed. The remaining Plasma turrets fired wildly into the air, only to fall from more Sniper shots.

Tyler watched her work, and admired her ruthless efficiency. All it took was less than two clips, and a significant amount of firepower was ruined in a matter of five minutes.

"You're clear. Begin the operation," Faye ordered. Tyler winked his light green again, pumped his Shotgun, and crept along the ground until he found a lone Elite Minor, scanning the area with a Plasma Repeater. He snuck up on it, grabbed his knife, and stabbed the alien in the neck. With a silent cry, the Elite was dead.

"Nice work there," Faye commented. Tyler saw an Elite Major, and he crept up on it. The Covenant bastard wouldn't know what hit it. Tyler tackled it, and before the Sangheili could call out a cry for backup, he plunged his knife through the Elite's mouth, purple blood splattering from the wound.

"You're quite the sneaky little assassin aren't you~?" Faye practically sang. Tyler blushed, her voice getting him excited. He shook his head. There was a time and a place for romance, and in the middle of a fight was not the time.

"There is a General Elite closing in on your position. Stand by," Faye ordered. Three shots rang over him, and Tyler heard the unmistakable sound of an Elite corpse hitting the ground. He peered over, and was thankful he didn't have to fight it, as he saw an Energy Sword still lit in its hand. Tugging the weapon free, Tyler tested it with a series of swings.

"Look out!" Tyler looked behind him and saw two Elites nearly slice him in half with Energy Swords. Another Sniper shot whistled by his face, and both Elites dropped dead. Faye had gotten a two-for-one snipe.

"Thank God you're not on the Covenant's side," Tyler muttered. Another shot whizzed by him, and he saw a Grunt dead behind him, Plasma Grenades activated.

"Ah shit," he muttered. Tyler rolled out of the way, drew his Shotgun, and went to work. Grunts and Jackals alike all fell before the Spartan, the Shotgun rounds tearing through the aliens' flesh. He saw a Brute, and drew both of his Magnums, each loaded with an eight round clip.

"Come and get me," Tyler taunted. The Brute foolishly charged, and the Spartan made it pay for its mistake. One thing the Covenant should have learned by now is that you don't charged a fully armored Spartan holding a pair of the latest Magnums. Especially if the Spartan has some pretty good aim. Sixteen rounds pounded the Brute's face, and one of the most feared Covenant species was dead at his feet. The barrels still smoking, Tyler reloaded before holstering the

weapons. He saw another Sniper shot hit the dead body.

"Was that really necessary? It's already dead," Tyler pointed out.

"Meh." Another shot was embedded in the Brute's skull, or what was left of it. It turns out she must've really hated the Covenant. Tyler turned his attention to the remaining Covenant. All that was left was a pair of Jackals and Brutes. Taking out his DMR, he lined up the scope and started to fire at the Brutes. Three shots later, the first one fell in a pool of its own blood. A Brute Major was attempting to unleash hell with its Concussion Rifle, small explosions dotting the camp.

"Wow, you have really shitty aim. You fucking suck ass," Tyler taunted. The Brute only seemed to get more pissed off, which was a good thing, as well as a bad thing. It was good because the Brute would most likely fuck up and make a stupid mistake that would cost it its life, but it was bad because everyone knows that a pissed off Brute is a nightmare to deal with. Backpedaling to buy time, Tyler ignited a Plasma Grenade in his hand. Just out of range, he threw it, and the grenade stuck to the place no male ever wants to be stuck. The grenade detonated, spraying him with the alien's blood.

"Nice dick stick. I think that might be the ultimate cockblock," Faye remarked, sniping another Brute in the genitalia. The Brute howled in agony and its manhood was shot off. Tyler could hear Faye's laughter on the COM.

"I think that takes the top prize of 'Ultimate Dick Shot'. Congratulations, Ma'am, you win the first prize. What do you want?" Tyler asked sarcastically. A shot fell near his face, causing him to duck, looking behind him, he saw a Brute Major's corpse twitching, its Gravity Hammer still in its hand. Tyler was surprised Faye hadn't answered in an equally sarcastically way. Maybe he had touched a nerve. Dropping the conversation, he pulled out his Shotgun (**A/N: NOT the Shotgun in his pants, you perverts)** and pumped a round into the chamber. A Jackal squawked and Tyler jumped it, forcing his weapon into the mouth of the bird-like alien (**A/N: For fuck's sake, it's not what it sounds like! Perverts these daysâ€|)** and squeezed the trigger. The Jackal's head was blown off as the Shotgun shell blasted through the roof of its mouth and through the skull.

Tyler looked at the blood covering his armor in slight disgust. "And right after I just washed this shit, fuck me," he complained. He considered Faye to be lucky, as she didn't have to worry about her armor smelling like complete ass. Then again, the pressure of missing a shot was possible, and one miss could alert the entire camp, jeopardizing the mission completely.

"Why do I always end up with blood and guts on me? For fuck's sake, I look like a damn serial killer," Tyler muttered. He was about to kill one of the remaining Brutes when something slugged him in the side. He lost his balance, and the Spartan fell. A mass, heavy and smelling like shit, fell on him. It was a Brute Major, and it was very angry. The alien continued pummeling the Spartan, and eventually broke Tyler's shields. To make matters worse he was in a position that even Faye couldn't make the shot to save his ass. The Brute wrapped its hands around Tyler's neck and squeezed, black dancing along the lines of his vision. A full clip from a DMR didn't even slow it

down.

"Fuck," he groaned as the Brute kept hitting him. On his HUD, he noticed his shields flicker and start to return. A quarter of the way would have to do. When Tyler's shields went to quarter strength, he pushed the Brute off of him, and it tried to attack him the same way again.

"Oh no you fucking don't," he growled. He had spent years training to beat a heavier, stronger, opponent; hours every day on wrestling mats to learn techniques. There were several counters to chokeholds, and counters to those counters, and so on. It was like a game of chess, each move having to be planned strategically.

Tyler grabbed on to the Brute's head, and slammed his knee into it. A satisfying crack was heard, and the Brute howled in pain. He slammed a fist into the beast's wounded chest, and the Brute wailed in agony again. Tyler drew one of his Magnums.

"Get the fuck off my planet you bastard," he hissed. He pulled the trigger, and a round tore through the remains of the Brute's broken skull. Tyler reloaded, put the sidearm back in its holster, and reloaded his DMR. He stopped for a breather. "God, I needed a good fight."

'He reminds me of you, Austin. He fights in the same manner. Too bad, you never got a chance to see how he does,' Faye thought sadly. She peered through her Sniper Rifle, and saw a strange shimmer in the air just beyond the Brute that Tyler just killed.

"Tyler, are you in Active-Camo?" she asked over the COM. Tyler replied rather quickly.

"No, but I sure as hell wished I was. Why?" Faye fired the Sniper Rifle, a loud crack emitting from the barrel. The Elite deactivated its camo, and the strangest Elite Faye had ever seen appeared, with two Energy Swords, two Carbines on its back in an X-pattern, and a Plasma Rifle. Its armor was purple and black with ancient runes scribbled all over it, signifying towards a high rank.

"What kind of fucked up hinge head is that?" Tyler asked.

"I have no clue. But I'll tell you one thing: It's about to be my favorite type of Covenant. A dead one," Faye replied. She had seen Field Marshall, Generals, Ultras, Rangers, Spec-Ops, Majors, and Minor Elites. Hell she even saw a Gold Ranger-class, with the shield strength of a General, and that was dead after a clip from her Sniper Rifle. But this was an entirely new one. Tyler fired four Shotgun rounds into the face of the Elite, the shields flickering blue. Faye fired a sniper round, and the bastard continued to charge. This Elite's shields were pretty tough. Tyler finally broke the shields with his last Shotgun round, and Faye finished the job with a well place sniper bullet in the temple. As the corpse fell, Tyler kicked the body over to get a good look at it.

"We should gather as much data as possible. That way we can prepare for an attack by another one," Tyler suggested. Faye flashed an acknowledgement light green, and absorbed as much data as possible. She flexed her right robotic arm, memories of her past threatening to overwhelm her.

'Please, I don't want to see it again. Don't do it!' she pleaded mentally. She was not who everyone thought she was. Everyone saw her as a Goddess, the last hope against the Covenant, who were preparing to invade and glass the planet.

She was not a good person. She had killed another human before. Before she became one of the most dangerous Spartans known, she had been a lost girl, fighting to take care of herself and her sister. Everything was lost when that man killed her. Faye remembered only too well how her sister died. Wounded the previous night by an Elite Field Marshall, she was unable to stop the attack by him. When Faye found out, she flew into a rage, grabbing her knife and stabbing every last bit of the bastard. She was a murderer. Only a handful of people even know the horrible truth.

Austin was one of them. But he too died shortly after, throwing Faye behind him as several Energy Swords stabbed him. The other was a mystery to everyone except Faye herself. She refused to tell his name.

"Ma'am, with all due respect, I'm waiting for your orders." Tyler's voice snapped her out of her turmoil of sadness.

"Tyler, you might want to head back over here. The next camp will be a handful, and we'll need more manpower. Time to find us another Spartan. Faye out." This was only the beginning of the end of herâ€|

**A/N: Review, favorite, whatever you want. **

Ja

3. Chapter 3

**A/N: I'm a bit late with this update, but since I can sorta write quite a bit now, I'll post another chapter. This chapter has a bit more drama than the other two, well from my point of view anyway. I don't own Halo, 343 Industries still has that right (DAMMIT!). Here's chapter 3. **_

Chapter 3

Tyler jogged back to Faye. He had sensed something was wrong with her. For quite a while now, she was extremely quiet.

'I know I shouldn't pry, but I kinda do wanna know what the matter is with her,' he thought. Did she have some sort of horrible secret that could ruin her if it got out?

He had reached her position, and was surprised she was able to hit targets from that distance.

"Ma'am, I'm ready. You can leave whenever you want to," he said. Faye nodded, her rifle slung over her shoulder. With a smooth motion, the most deadly woman Tyler had ever met ordered him to follow. He ran next to her side.

"Is there something wrong? You seem a bit different," Tyler asked,

worry in his voice. Faye froze solid.

'_Impossible! How did he notice!?' _she started to panic. A Brigadier just saw through her guise. She took off her helmet slowly. Tyler stumbled back as he saw the state she was in. He had figured something wasn't right, but it looked far worse than he expected.

Her eyes were filled with anger and pure sorrow, along with regret. Tyler saw the way Faye's left eye flickered very briefly to the right side, and he finally noticed that her right eye was cloudy and sightless, a scar going through it.

"Wh-what happened?" he stuttered. Faye set down the supplies for camp and started to unpack, "I'll tell you after I change out of this." It hadn't taken her long before the temporary home was set up. Faye was no longer in her blue armor. Instead, she had opted for a light blue V-neck with black gloves, black leggings, and black heeled boots.

Tyler, on the other hand, decided to wear a black trench coat, red shirt, black slacks, and red/black shoes. He found it odd that Faye would wear gloves.

'_Why would she wear those?' _he wondered. Then again, she could probably come right back at him by saying it was strange for him to wear a trench coat.

'_Fuck it. I'm going to ask, and if she takes offense, I'll drop the subject completely,' _Tyler decided. He swallowed and asked, "Is there any particular reason you wore those gloves?"

Faye looked up, and those emotions he saw swirling in her blue depths were present again.

"It's to hide something; something dangerous," she replied, suspicion in her tone.

'_Goddammit. She's much smarter than that. I'm going to have to be a bit sneakier then,' _Tyler realized. He leaned over, and made a very bold move. He grabbed her hand, caressing it gently.

"Do you mind telling me?" he asked, his tone now silk smooth. Faye sighed.

"Look, I know what you're up to. I saw that one coming. But since you seem to truly care unlike everyone else, I'll show you," she answered. In one fluid movement, she pulled off the glove, and Tyler gasped in shock at what he saw. Etched into Faye's left hand was a pentagram, and it was an inverted pentagram at that. He knew that symbol from somewhere.

"Th-that symbol. It can't mean that," Tyler whispered. Faye nodded sadly.

"Yes. I'm prey of the Sakurazukamori. I had it carved into my hand when I was still in training by him. He came to the base, pinned me against the wall, and carved it into my flesh. He left, saying he would come for me and kill me," she answered. The Sakurazukamori were a clan of assassins who were anti-Earth, and they made it their

mission to wipe out all Spartans. So far, about thirty were killed. And she was next.

"That's not all you're hiding. I know there is something else, something so terrible you never want to say it anyone," Tyler pressed. There was a massive risk that the blonde would snap, but it was a risk he was willing to take. The result was not what he expected.

Faye's eyes widened, and started to tear up, "How did you know? How'd you know that I was keeping something from you?"

Tyler's hand lifted and rested on her cheek, "I knew from the way you stopped talking and spaced out for several seconds. Not only that, but your reaction from twenty minutes ago revealed even more."

Faye was shocked. For only the third time in her life, her guise was seen right through. Tyler, Austin, and the person she cherished most, the one whose name she would never say.

"Since you actually saw through my fake image, I'll tell you. Are you familiar with the world of Celes at all?" she asked. Tyler nodded his head, "I've never been there, but I know it used to be humanity's third largest world. It was found to contain an element that's used in our shielding technology now, if I'm correct."

"Anyway, that's where I lived, until I was about 10 years old. Then the Covenant attacked, destroyed the planet, and I watched as my family was slaughtered by an Elite Field Marshall. I tackled it and stabbed it with its own Energy Sword." As she spoke, tears began pouring from her eyes. Tyler wiped them away.

"Arigatou. After that, me and my sister were homeless for less than a day, when a man who was from a rival family killed her in front of me." Faye started sobbing even more, unable to go on. Tyler hugged her, pulling her body close to his frame. Her tears stained his shirt, but he didn't care. He ran a hand through her hair, letting the silky strands flow between his fingers.

All of a sudden, she went rigid. Tyler made several attempts to stir her.

"Faye. Faye! What's wrong? Faye!" he asked, starting to panic. The blonde's eyes were both blank and unfocused.

"N-no, pl-please don't. I-I'm sorry. I don't want to see this again," she whispered, shaking visibly. Tyler tilted her head up, "It's not real. Faye, come on! Snap out of it!"

**Flashback Time bi-otches**

Faye stumbled down the remains of the streets, the streets of what used to be Celes' capital. Valeria was completely destroyed, buildings all around smoldering. Bodies of Marines and ODSTs alike were scattered, many with extreme plasma burns.

"_Faye, what happened to our home?" a girl identical to Faye asked. Faye shook her head, "Gomen nasai nee-san, but our home, everything, is gone." The girl hugged her affectionately._

"_Nah sis, you still got me don't you~?" she asked teasingly. Faye patted her head, "Yeah, I'll always have you." _

"_I doubt that'll last," a new voice, filled with malice, laughed from behind the ruins of a building._

"_Who's there!?" Faye demanded angrily. The owner of the voice stepped from the wreckage to reveal a man with dark brown hair and two different colored eyes, one black and the other green. _

"_Well well, if it isn't the famous twin sisters of Valeria. It looks like someone doesn't have servants at their disposal anymore," he sneered. He drew a katana, pointing the blade at them. Faye took a defensive stance and shoved her sister behind her._

"_Stay back. I'll handle him," she ordered. Her sister's eyes grew as Faye dashed towards the man, and attempted a quick jab to the gut. The man grabbed her hand, spun her around, and threw her onto the ruins. Faye struggled to get up, blood dripping from her mouth._

"_Bastard, I'll make sure to end you," she hissed. The man laughed and swung his sword at her. Faye wasn't able to duck in time, and she screamed in pain as the blade passed through her eye, blinding her.

_

Holding the wound, she wasn't able to reach her sister when the man swung again, and stabbed her through the abdomen. Her sister collapsed, blood flowing from the wound. Faye lost it. She ran at him, punched him in the groin, and stole his sword when it clattered to the ground. She swung in pure fury, and decapitated him, a fountain of blood erupting. The ground was stained crimson all around her.

_Faye turned back to her fatally wounded sister, "Yue, no!" _

Yue's hand reached up and rested on Faye's cheek.

"_Watashiâ€|no sukiâ€|na hito," she whispered. Yue's hand fell, having breathed her last. With blood dripping from her eye, Faye started to sob, tears falling on her sister's still chest._

"_NO! YUE!" she wailed. She continued crying over her beloved sister's corpse, until her world went blackâ€|_

**End of Flashback bi-otches**

Faye's eyes blinked back, the unfocused look fading away, only to be replaced with the anguish Tyler saw earlier. Faye reached up and kissed him gently on the lips, her vision starting to go black. She tilted to one side and passed out, a soft whimper escaping from her, "Austin."

Tyler eyes widened this time. Surely it couldn't be _that _Austin? If he knew Faye, then he was never informed of this. He picked her up, and was surprised at how light she was.

'_She's as light as a feather. And I can't believe she just kissed me. It wasn't passionate, more like extremely grateful,_' he thought. He placed her in the tent, and let her sleep.

'_She went through a lot today, so I'll take first watch. Goodnight, and thank you for telling me this.' _He changed back into his armor, grabbed his DMR, and started patrolling the camp, waiting for her to wake up again.

Several Hours Later

Faye woke up again, with no regrets about telling Tyler her past. It was still dark, and she could hear walking outside of her tent. She put on her armor, grabbed a Magnum, and crept out of her tent. She relaxed when she saw it was Tyler, and she could tell from the way he was walking that he was exhausted.

"Don't worry, I'm up now. Get inside and rest. I'll take watch now," Faye ordered. Tyler jumped, as he didn't see or hear her until she spoke. He put his DMR across his back and stretched, "Yes ma'am."

Faye sauntered over to him, traced a finger over his lips, and whispered, "You don't have to be so formal you know. Especially after a few hours ago."

"â€|" Tyler didn't know how to respond to that. It didn't help that the blonde was teasing him playfully, making sure her hips shook. Trying to take his eyes off of her curvy figure, he handed her a Sniper Rifle and went to his tent to sleep.

Faye smirked as she watched Tyler fall on his makeshift cot.

'_He really is very fun to tease~,' _she thought in amusement. She knew that he was giving her quite the look. She just didn't call him out on it. Spotting a bit of movement, she looked through the scope and saw something that made her heart jump.

"Another Spartan? Fucking sweet. I don't recognize that armor though, so I wonder who it is. They're sure as hell not from RWBY, JNPR, Darkest Before Dawn or KSI," she said to herself. The COM opened on a frequency, and a female voice rang out.

"This is Spartan Lily, rank of Brigadier. If anyone is out there, please respond." Faye groaned as she heard it was a female.

'_Great. This is really what I need to complete a perfect day. Not only do I have a fucking flashback of my sister's death, but now a female Spartan who I don't know is here. Fucking great,' _she thought angrily. Nevertheless, Faye opened her COM, "This is Spartan Faye, rank of Eclipse. I see you. Sending you the location now."

"I'm on my way to you now. I'll meet you in a couple of minutes. Lily out." The COM went dead, and Faye turned it off as well.

Tyler now knew her past, he knew she had killed a man before. There was still one thing that she would not tell, at least not now. When he's ready, she'll tell him all about it.

"Tyler, we found our Spartan. So wake the fuck up and get your ass ready. She'll be here in a minute or so," Faye ordered the unmoving mass. A mumble of "Yes Faye" came from him. Faye put on her guise, and went out to meet the other Spartan, which was not something she

looked forward to at allâ€!

**A/N: There's the end of this chapter. I wanted to include much more of Faye's past than anything, but I still have a few things to get ready. Anyway, how do you think her and the other female Spartan will get along? Leave comments, criticism, etc. I'll see you on the flip side. Review?**

**Ja**

4. Chapter 4

**A/N: I wanted to update this a bit sooner, but school got in the way. I know, it's not much of an excuse. This chapter is the debut of the final main Spartan in this BS, and I'm pretty sure that you can imagine how good two female Spartans are going to get along. Especially with Tyler being the only male. I don't own Halo; those rights belong to the one and only 343 Industries. **

Chapter 4

Tyler was now awake, after a certain seducer had ordered him to get ready. He was still drained from patrolling a good 4 hours straight.

'_If it was anyone else, I would've told them to fuck off and let me sleep,' _he thought. Nevertheless, he got up, put his armor on, and went outside. It was still dark, so for Faye to see the other Spartan was something else.

He nearly tripped on a rock on the ground, "Shit that was too close." He didn't have bad eyesight, but he couldn't see more than five feet in front of him.

He put on his helmet and activated the night vision.

'_Ah, now that's a whole lot better,' _Tyler thought in satisfaction as he could actually see. He saw Faye by the edge of the camp, and the other Spartan was with her. He attempted to sneak up on her.

"Tyler, I know you're there. You need to work on your sneakiness," Faye said without turning around.

'_How the fuck did she notice me?' _Tyler wondered. His mental question was answered a second later, "I heard you as you crept up."

"Well, I tried," Tyler admitted. He doubted there was anything the blonde wouldn't notice.

"Anyway Tyler, this is our new Spartan. Brigadier Lily. She's the same rank as you, so don't feel intimidated," Faye told him, and Tyler could imagine the smirk on her face.

"What the fuck's that supposed to mean?" Lily asked irritably. Tyler chuckled, "Ease up, will you? Blondie is just messing around with you."

Faye turned back to Tyler, "I'll leave you two to get better acquainted. I'll be preparing our weaponry." She left, leaving Tyler alone. He tried to call back, "Wait! Why am I—" He didn't get to finish his sentence, as she was already gone.

"Goddammit. Something tells me I'll have a fake Frag Grenade in my sandwich," he sighed.

"Why does she act like she's in charge?" Lily asked, still a bit miffed from Faye's earlier statement.

"Well, she is the highest rank here," Tyler pointed out. Lily scoffed, "What rank looks like a fucking star missing the light?"

"Um, maybe an Eclipse?" Tyler suggested. Lily coughed, "You're kidding me. She's that high of a rank!?" Tyler nodded, "Yeah, she probably has more confirmed kills than both of us combined."

Lily took off her helmet, and Tyler saw her features. She had lightly tanned skin, dark green eyes, and brown hair.

'She's quite a looker too,' Tyler thought. Lily smirked, "Like what you see?" Tyler looked away, his face a bit red.

'Okay, I really need to get over this,' he thought. Memories of earlier flooded him.

'I still can't believe she kissed me.' It was kinda sad to see Faye crying like that.

"So, what is it that we're doing exactly, besides sitting around twiddling our thumbs?" Lily asked with a yawn.

"We're destroying Covenant camps around Reach, basically trying to drive them off the planet," Tyler answered.

"Look, the Covenant will leave when the planet is glassed," Lily scoffed. Tyler shrugged, "Maybe, maybe not. Either way, it's our job to give them Hell." The brunette sighed.

"I know. It's just this war seems to be losing its spark." Faye returned, her arms full of weapons. She tossed a DMR and Shotgun to Tyler, along with multiple clips of ammo.

"What weapons do you prefer?" Faye asked Lily. Lily shrugged, "I'm a Battle Rifle and SMG specialist." Faye nodded, and went to go get the weapons.

"What does she use?" Lily whispered over to Tyler once the blonde left.

"She's one of the best shots I've ever seen with a Sniper Rifle. She's a Goddess with that thing," Tyler replied.

"Great. Another hotshot who thinks she's all that," Lily grumbled. Faye rejoined them, the weapons ready.

"Here you go. We don't have too many spare BR clips, but we have enough," she said apologetically. Lily slapped in a fresh clip with a

satisfying '_click_'.

"We got two miles before we hit the next Covvie camp. Get your rest now; you'll need it," Faye ordered. Tyler nodded, while Lily sucked her teeth. It was clear she didn't like the blonde.

"Lily, don't bother. She's the one in charge, whether you like it or not," Tyler told her.

After Lily stopped making her dislike for Faye painfully obvious, they laid down to get some sleep.

Faye sat guard, letting the other two rest. She turned on the night vision, got her Sniper Rifle out, and patrolled the camp. She could tell that Lily didn't like her. That was expected. What wasn't expected was the wave of it when she talked to Tyler.

'_What's her problem? Seriously, I've never met anyone so damn easily pissed off,' _she wondered. A flash of movement to the right caught her attention. Looking through the scope, she saw a strange shimmer in the air.

'_I have a really bad feeling about this one,' _Faye thought grimly. Acting on the principle of 'Shoot first, ask questions later', she fired, a round striking the mass in the center. An Elite materialized, and it was pissed off.

"Oh fuck me," she groaned. It was a Gold Ranger-Class, and Faye knew how powerful its shields were. It took nearly a full clip from a Sniper Rifle to disable them, and another two to kill it. If you were unlucky.

The Elite raised a sleek, purple weapon and fired, a beam narrowly missing Faye's head.

'_Shit! The ugly ass slip-lip has a Beam Rifle. This will be a bit tricky,' _she thought. Zooming in, she emptied a full clip into the Sangheli's body. The shields flickered and died, leaving the alien vulnerable.

A particle beam hit Faye in the leg, breaking her shields and hitting the flesh underneath. She gritted her teeth as pain lanced up her body. Looking down, she saw a hole and blackened flesh underneath.

'_Well, there's another scar to add to my collection,' _she thought dryly. With her leg out of commission for at least a week, it was impossible for her to run. With trembling arms, she raised the Sniper Rifle and fired, praying for an instant kill. Her wish was granted, and the high caliber round tore through the Elite's face, splattering blood and bits of brain.

Faye put the weapon across her back, and she limped back towards camp, wincing along the way. Even though it was only 100 yards, it felt like an eternity just to get back.

"Ugh, this really fucking hurts," Faye complained to herself. The smell of blood must've woken Tyler, because he was up in a heartbeat.

"Faye! What happened?" he demanded. Faye sat down, wincing, "Beam Rifle got me." He pulled out a med kit, grabbed a bottle of biofoam, inserted the nozzle, and sprayed. Faye gasped as the foam entered the wound. It felt like a million ants swarming the flesh, burning.

"You would think after who knows how many damn years that they would've made this shit not sting like a motherfucker," Faye muttered, just loud enough for Tyler to hear. He chuckled, "One bad side to getting hit huh?" Faye wanted to give him a nice little love tap of a smack, but she didn't have the energy.

"I would smack you, but I'm waaaay too fucking tired," Faye sighed. She was out of her armor, and it was not in the best condition. She wore the outfit from earlier, and rested on Tyler's lap. The blonde was soon out cold, making Tyler blush as he had a very gorgeous woman on his lap asleep.

"Tyler, why the fuck is she there?" a very angry voice rang out. Tyler turned around, and started to sweat. It was Lily, and she looked very cross. The venom in voice was enough to kill if it wanted to.

'_Oh for fucks' sake,' _Tyler thought irritably, rolling his eyes. He had a sneaking feeling that Lily didn't like Faye for a very obvious reason, yet he couldn't put his finger on it.

"Look, it's not what you think. She just got hit by a damn Beam Rifle before hobbling back over here. Give her a damned break," Tyler snapped, already having enough of the bullshit. Lily cracked her knuckles, "Oh. I'll give her a break alright."

"LILY!" Tyler shouted, his temper flaring.

"Tyler, don't bother," Faye murmured. She sat up, her hair scattered across her face.

"I knew this would most likely happen. Why'd you think I didn't give a fuck? This is natural. There are two females and one male. Of course there will be a fight for dominance. Not only that, but there's something else too," she whispered hoarsely. Lily closed her fist, "Shut the fuck up."

"It's not even jealousy like I thought it would be. It's lu—" Faye was cut off by fist striking her stomach, "I thought I said to shut up!"

Faye gently caressed her stomach, "You've got quite the punch, I must say. Feisty one, aren't you?" Lily was furious now, wanting nothing more than to knock the blonde out.

Tyler now decided to interfere, "Both of you, stop this bullshit now!" Both women looked at him. He was shaking in fury, "I'm not going to deal with this! We're a team now! If you two can't get along or learn to work together, then what's the point of fighting?"

'_He does have a pointâ€|aw fuck my vision is going out again,' _Faye thought, her eyes starting to close. Lily relaxed her hand, but she was still displeased. Faye passed out again, collapsing back into Tyler's lap, "I'm really too tired for this shit."

Lily stalked back to her tent, "I'm going back to bed." Tyler looked away, and began running his hand through Faye's hair, marveling at the softness of it.

'_It's still so hard to believe that she is a target of the Sakurazukamori,' _he thought. That infamous clan of assassins never let a target live for too long; they always made deals with Sangheli to wipe out their targets.

Blood had started to leak out of Faye's wounded leg again, and the biofoam can was nearly empty.

"You're lucky that I love you and don't want to see you die," Tyler muttered, cleaning the wound and wrapping it in gauze. He felt the blonde's head, and was shocked to see it was hot. Too hot.

"Shit, and you got a fever too? You need to take better care of yourself," he said to the unmoving body. A hand rose up and lightly tapped him on the face, "I heard that." Tyler let a small smile grace his lips.

"Go back to sleep," he told Faye. The blonde tried to sit up, protesting, "I can't let you go on watch so soon. You've only been off for two hours." Tyler ran a finger across her lips, "I'll be fine. Don't worry so much."

"Pfft. So you say. Make Ms. 'I'm Always So Pissed At Hot Blondes' do it," Faye grumbled. Tyler snickered at her nickname for Lily, "Did you just make that up?" Faye shrugged, "Meh, I probably could've come up with worse, but where's the fun in that?"

'So, what were about to say that made her punch you?' Tyler asked. Faye smirked, and Tyler felt that it was her devil smirk. The one she only has when she has some dirt on someone. He face-palmed, "Oh God, is it really that bad?"

Faye laughed, "Nah, but I find it quite amusing. I'm surprised I saw it."

"Saw what?" Tyler pressed, wanting to know.

"You didn't notice her eyes earlier? How they practically undressed me?" Faye pointed out. Tyler rubbed his temples, still not getting it. Faye sighed, "Wow, you are really quite dense aren't you?"

"Hey, I can't read women that well!" Tyler protested. Faye scoffed, "That's for damn sure!"

Tyler rolled his eyes, "Look, I don't know, so just fucking tell me!" Faye laughed before she began to cough, sending Tyler into a bit of a panic.

"You are a commanding one, huh? I like that," she said with a smirk. Tyler crossed his arms.

"I'm serious!" he yelled, starting to get a bit frustrated. There was something he was missing, and Faye found it too funny to tell him.

Faye sat up and straddled Tyler's waist, breathing gently in his ear.

Shivers went down Tyler's back as the cool air hit him.

"So, do you really want to know?" Faye whispered seductively in his ear. Tyler nodded. He gasped in slight pleasure as Faye bit gently on his earlobe, "Well then, you'll just have to follow my command, if you catch my drift."

Even though this experience was very pleasuring, Tyler groaned inwardly, '_This is going to be one loooooong day.' _Understatement of the year.

**A/N: I hope I did a decent job on the drama for this, but it isn't my forte at all. Neither are lemons, so I have no idea if I'll put one in. So, I'll ask the reviewers. **

**Lemon or no lemon? It's your choice. **

**Until next time! Review?**

**Ja**

5. Chapter 5

**A/N: I feel like a bit of an ass for not updating this. In my defense, I have my damn final exams coming up. *Gives middle finger to school* curse you! The poll for lemon or no lemon was at a tie between 'Yes' and 'It doesn't matter'. So, now it's going to be a game of rock-paper-scissors to see what I'll do. Here we go~!**

Chapter 5

Tyler didn't know what to do, as he had a very gorgeous blonde straddling his waist, biting his earlobe.

'_What do I do?' _he wondered. He was not exactly the biggest expert when it came to sex, and it kinda showed.

"You know, you don't have to act so shy. You are allowed to touch me," Faye purred, amused by his awkwardness. A bit hesitantly, Tyler ran his hands down her waist, feeling her curves. He gasped again as Faye's lips found his neck, sucking his skin.

"You taste good," the blonde mumbled. Tyler paused, "I'm not sure if that is a compliment or not." He was thankful Lily wasn't awake; otherwise, she would've probably killed Faye. The blonde continued rubbing against him, and Tyler found his pants were tightening. He looked down, and saw that his member was erect.

"Aw fuck," he said in embarrassment. Faye followed his gaze, and smirked, "Well, aren't you a happy man~?"

Tyler looked away in shame, "I'm sorry." Faye leaned towards him, licking her lips, "Now, who said it was a bad thing~?" Tyler met her gaze again, his pants painfully tight now. He continued to run his hands down her body, feeling the curves.

'_She does have quite the nice body' _Tyler admitted. He was more confident now, although it was not much. Faye's hand traveled down

his chest, until it reached the band of his pants. Tyler began trembling as her hand found his member through his pants.

"My, my. You are the hard one aren't you~?" Faye asked teasingly. Tyler couldn't answer, still unsure as to how this was happening. He couldn't move as her hand started to rub his member through the cloth of his pants, stroking it.

"F-faye," Tyler gasped. The blonde smirked and reached inside of his pants, pushing his boxers out of the way.

This would've gone further if a barrage of plasma fire didn't nearly hit them.

***(A/N: HAHA! You all thought this would be a lemon!)**

"Shit!" Faye cursed, reaching for a Battle Rifle. She was already off of Tyler, who had also gotten up to grab a Shotgun.

They heard an angry roar, followed by a Sangheili voice filled with malice. "Prey, you are next to be killed. The Sakurazukamori command it!"

Faye had found her helmet, turned on the night vision, and paled. "Oh God, no!"

The Elite had black armor, with an inverted pentagram on its left shoulder. It ignited an Energy Sword and charged, "He will be pleased to see you are dead."

Faye ducked under a swing from the energy weapon, the blade narrowly missing her head. "Tyler, wake Lily now!"

He obeyed her order, waking the brunette. She turned around groggily, "What is it?"

Tyler's voice was filled with slight panic, "We're being ambushed! It's the Sakurazukamori!"

Lily was up in a heartbeat, "Impossible! None of us are his prey right now!" She looked as Tyler looked away guiltily, and she narrowed her green eyes, "You fucking know something don't you?"

Tyler dragged her out, "JUST COME ON!"

The two ran out to see Faye still fighting the Elite. The Elite had lost its Energy Sword, the weapon lying on the ground useless. The Sangheili was using its Plasma Daggers to fight, and it seemed to be winning. Faye tried to punch it, only to see her strike get blocked. She was spun around, and Tyler watched in horror as the daggers sliced through her chest.

"NO!" Tyler cried out. His temper boiled over, and he grabbed the fallen Energy Sword. In an arc he stabbed the Elite through the neck, purple blood splashing out onto the ground below.

Even though it was gravely wounded, it still tried to speak, "I-it do-doesn't ma-matter. She's de-dead." Tyler punched the alien in the jaw, breaking it upon impact. Lily was frozen as he continued to beat

the alien till it died.

Tyler stood up, his fist drenched in blood. He turned to Faye's body, a pool of crimson surrounding her, "Faye!"

The blonde struggled to move, blood dripping from her chest, "There's no point in trying to save me."

Tyler grabbed her left hand, the hand that was still human, "I refuse to let you die." His brown eyes glimmered with stubbornness. He picked up her wounded body and he began the long hike back to RWBY's base. Lily followed him, "Where do you think you're going!?"

Tyler faced her, "I'm not letting her die. Not after what we've shared. You don't even know what she's been through, yet you despise her for some stupid fucking reason. You may not care what happens to her, but I do." He turned away from the brunette, who was standing in complete shock.

'_That's what you think,' _Lily thought. Faye had almost revealed her secret to him, but she was most likely going to die. The reason she acted so hostile towards the blonde was because of a selfish reason: her own desire.

The lust from earlier was spotted by the blonde, and she realized who it was directed to. Lily sighed, grabbed a Battle Rifle, and followed Tyler back to headquarters.

The tall man looked back, "You coming too?" Lily nodded, "There's still something I have to do."

"Good." Without another word, Tyler turned away from her and led the way, walking over the hills with ease. Even with a dying Spartan in his arms, he refused to quit, his stubbornness present in his brown orbs. Lily was silent most of the way, not knowing how to ever be forgiven.

After an hour, they arrived at RWBY's HQ. Tyler pushed open the door, and was greeted by multiple guns aiming in his direction.

"I didn't know this was target practice, otherwise I would've painted a bullseye on my chest," he mumbled. The Spartans saw their leader in his arms, and a tall brunette rushed forward, "Faye!"

The tall brunette's amber eyes were widened, almost as if he couldn't believe his leader was dying in front of him. A blonde with two different colored eyes tried to stop him, "Syaoron, chill out!"

Syaoron wrenched his arm free, "No! I love her more than anything! Goddammit I'll kill whoever did this! You got that Alex?"

Alex grabbed hold of him, "Listen to me! She thinks you're dead! We all fucking did! You disappeared for a fucking year! How do you think she'll react to seeing you again?"

Syaoron's shoulders slumped, his fight gone, "Still, I can't see her die! We both lost too much. So many of our friends have died in this war. Austin, Kara, Leo, even Freya and Steven. If I lose her, I've lost everything I've ever cared about."

Alex sighed, "I know. I'm your best fucking mate. But you have to seriously chill the fuck out. Blondie ain't dead yet."

Tyler looked Syaoron in his amber depths, "By Austin, do you mean Austin Micheals?"

Syaoron nodded, "Yeah. He sacrificed himself to get me and Faye away when one of our scout missions went to complete shit." He eyed Tyler closely, "How do you know Austin?"

Tyler took a deep breath, "He was one of my old squad, the Republic. We were both leaders, until one day he vanished and never came back. He sent me a message though, saying that he found someone he would protect with his life."

Syaoron looked away, "He meant Faye. She brought him out of his shell, made it so he could join RWBY and not have to worry about his past. He developed feelings for her, even though he knew it would be impossible to be with her. She viewed him as her best friend, not a possible partner."

Tyler held out his arms, "Take her. She's been wounded badly." Syaoron nodded and took Faye's body, brushing her hair out of her face. Tyler grabbed Syaoron's arm before he left, "Also, I'm not sure if she ever revealed this to you, but I think I should. She's being hunted by-"

"The Sakurazukamori, I know," the amber eyed Spartan finished. He took Faye's body away, her arms daggling limply. The rest of RWBY followed the brunette as her carried the blonde away.

Tyler leaned back against the wall, slumping down it until he hit the ground. He covered his face with his hand, "I failed to keep her safe."

Lily sat down next to him, "We both did. I acted like I wanted her dead, and I am responsible for this." Tyler looked over to her, and saw her green eyes were leaking, "I'm so sorry."

Lily continued, "She told you something, didn't she?" Tyler looked over in shock, "How did you know?"

Lily rolled her eyes, "You're acting like I didn't hear part of that conversation you two lovebirds had before this bullshit. She said my eyes practically undressed her, right?"

Tyler nodded, not sure as to where this was going, "Yeah, why?"

"She was right," Lily whispered, so quietly that Tyler almost didn't hear it.

"When I saw her, all I could think of was how beautiful she was. Then I saw the way she acted around you, and I got upset. " Tyler couldn't believe his ears. Lily just confessed that she too had feelings for the blonde. Although it was probably all for naught now, as her chance of surviving was very low. Lily cried into Tyler's shoulder, "Still, this wouldn't have happened if I wasn't so cold."

Tyler brushed her brown hair, "It would've happened either way. That

clan of assassins always gets their prey." Together, leaned against the wall, they both fell asleep.

Several Hours Later

Tyler woke up, and he got to his feet, making sure to not disturb Lily. He walked through the interior of RWBY's base until he found the med bay. He pushed the door open to see Syaoron and Alex were leaning against the wall, looking at the ceiling.

"Please, I beg you, please make it through this," Syaoron pleaded. The desperation in his tone was evident. Alex sighed and shook his head, "I don't know man. Even I don't think she'll survive this one."

Syaoron slammed his fist into the wall, "DAMMIT!"

He calmed down shortly after seeing the dent he made in the wall. "Jesus fucking Christ, I can't deal with this."

He looked so defeated, no hope in his amber eyes. Not anymore. Not if Faye died. Tyler walked over to the bed where she lay, hooked up to many machines just to breathe. He brushed her hair from her face, "Don't die. We need you." He looked away before murmuring. "I need you."

The medic looked up wearily, "There's not much I can do. All we can do is pray she won't be leaving us." Tyler walked out, the door closing behind him. He made his way down to the firing range, needing to practice. He grabbed a DMR, four clips of ammo, and started to aim.

The first target rose, and Tyler placed a round in the center of the bullseye. More targets popped up, and Tyler proceeded to hit them with deadly accuracy.

"You're a nice shot," a voice behind him complimented. Tyler turned around to see it was Syaoron, a Battle Rifle in his hands.

"I think you spend too much time on one target though. Try hitting them quicker," the brunette advised. Tyler nodded, and started the round over again. The targets popped up again, and this time he mowed them down quicker. Syaoron nodded, "Not bad."

Tyler faced him, "Did anything change?"

Syaoron shook his head, "No. All that seems to be happening is her body continuing to tear itself apart. I feel so useless." Tyler patted him on the shoulder, "She'll live. She never gives up."

Syaoron sighed. "I hope you're right."

RWBY Med Bay

Lily walked into the med bay, and saw the blonde's broken body. She leaned over Faye, her green eyes watering.

"I'm so sorry," she whispered. Closing her eyes, she gently placed her lips on Faye's, kissing her. Lily broke apart, trembling. All

that was left was to see if Faye would ever awaken again.

**A/N: Ah, finally done~! So, how many of you hate me? *Sees massive crowd raise their hands* Ah well. I have a serious problem, don't I? I have way too much fun killing off characters. Now, there is going to be a new poll for the reviewers.**

**Should I kill off Faye now or no? The choice is yours.**

**I'll see you on the other side. Review?**

**Ja**

6. Chapter 6

**A/N: Hey guys, what's up~? I'm sorry for not updating sooner, but I had more important projects to attend to. The poll for killing off Faye was at a tie between 'Yes' and 'Maybe'. So, I'll just let it roll out how I feel like, alright? If I do kill her off, don't flood my inbox with hate messages, because I really hate having to clear them out. Anyway, here's the sixth chapter, with some possible smut.**

Chapter 6

Lily leaned over Faye's unmoving body, tears falling onto her pale face. The Spartan's blonde hair was scattered all over her face, and the very faint rise and fall of her chest was the only sign she was alive.

"Please, wake up. I'm sorry," Lily whispered, kissing the blonde. She heard a slight rise in her breathing, and Lily stood up. Faye's breathing increased, until she opened her eyes, still alive. She turned to her right to see Lily crying into her shoulder, "I thought you were gone."

Faye let her gaze soften, and she ran her hand through Lily's hair. "I'm back."

The doors to the med bay burst open, and Faye saw a person she thought was gone forever, killed a year ago during a raid. She looked at the amber eyed brunette, and she started to tear up. "Syaoronâ€| is it really you?"

Syaoron ran forward, grabbing Faye and hugging her tightly. "I thought I lost you like we did everyone else." Faye allowed herself to cry into Syaoron's broad shoulders. "I can't believe it's you."

Tyler appeared next to him, a small smile on his face. "You pulled through. I knew you would. You're tougher than you look."

Faye sent him a playful glare, and she turned back to Lily. "I'm not going to die like that. I'll want to be sent out with a bang."

Lily sighed, wiping her eyes. "You scared all of us to death, even me. You need to be more careful."

"Hey, I don't go looking for trouble. Trouble finds me," Faye

returned, wincing from the wound in her chest. She looked at the angry red mark. "Owww, that really fucking hurts."

Tyler pushed Syaoron out. "I think we need to let the girls work this out for themselves. " The mischief in his voice was obvious, and Faye noticed it. She tried to sit up. "Tyler, don't you dare fucking-"

She never finished her sentence, as Syaoron smirked and left with him. Faye sighed in defeat. "Sometimes, I really hate males."

Lily held her left hand, bringing it close to you. "I wanted to sayâ€œ I'm sorry. I shouldn't have been so cold, and it nearly cost your life. I'm so, so sorry."

Faye took her hand, and she gently kissed it. "It's alright. I wasn't exactly nice to you either." She looked into the other Spartan's green eyes. "Now, why the fuck did Tyler suggest something sexual?"

"Maybe because he thinks we need to get rid of some sexual tension?" Lily suggested. Faye laughed lightly, clutching her side in pain as her ribs exploded. "Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck."

Lily held her. "Are you alright?"

Faye gasped slightly. "I think a few ribs are cracked. They should be alright in a few days. I'll just need some rest." She leaned forward, and surprised Lily by kissing her. "Oh, and I know what you did. Thank you." Faye's eyes drooped with exhaustion, and her head hit the pillow, the gentle rise and fall of her chest showing she was asleep. Lily left her, and she headed down to the shooting range.

She grabbed a Battle Rifle, and the moving targets began popping up. Lily began mowing them down, three round bursts striking the targets in the center.

"Not bad of a shot. You might be able to give Faye a run for her money." Lily turned around to see Syaoron was standing behind her, a DMR and Needle Rifle in his hands.

"Though you are just like Tyler. Don't spend too long on one target. That only gets you shot first," he advised. He removed the Needle Rifle from his back, and he fired at four targets, the long crystalline needles striking the targets in the center, though to the left a bit.

Syaoron looked away from his weapon, slightly annoyed with the settings. "Alright, who the hell fucked with the sights?" Several snickers were heard in the back on the range, and both Spartans turned to see a very familiar blonde man laughing. "Sorry mate, I couldn't resist."

Syaoron shook his head. "Alex, why the hell am I not surprised? You have way too much fun doing that." The blonde had a heavy weapon slugged over his shoulder, and Syaoron backed away. "Why the fuck did you bring a Spartan Laser?"

Alex shrugged, charging the weapon. After a few seconds, a red burst of energy shot out, destroying the random Warthog that was set

up.

Suddenly, the alarm blared, and a distress call rang out. _"This is Sergeant Major Morph, requesting for immediate assistance. The Covenant is at Arcadia Communications Relay. I got wounded, cannot hold this position."_

Syaoron and Lily left, with the brunette calling over his shoulder. "Alex, make sure the base runs smoothly. We're one of the last safe havens left."

Syaoron put on his armor, and Lily was surprised at how massive it was. He had the Assault/Breacher Wrist, Tactical/Softcase Utility, the Security Shoulders on both sides, the Grenadier Knee Guards, the Collar/Breacher Chest, and the MJOLNIR Mark VI helmet with a gold visor and a comlink on the side. And for some random ass reason, there were thunderclouds surrounding him, with lightning as well.

"ONI's gift a while back. It's the latest armor effect, only available to people over Field Marshall," Syaoron explained. Lily had her armor modified as well, wearing the Mark V shoulders with a matching Mark V helmet and black visor, with normal Knee guards and Softcase Utility with a datapad on her left wrist.

They grabbed a few weapons, mostly DMRs and Battle Rifles. When they got outside of the base, Tyler was waiting for them, a Shotgun and DMR in his hands. He motioned to a Warthog parked a few feet away. "Let's go!"

Syaoron took the driver's seat, with Lily on the turret and Tyler in the passenger seat. Syaoron drove over several hills, the suspension taking the brunt of the force. After a few miles, they reached the outpost. Several Marines were under fire, with the commander pinned down by a pair of Elite Ultras. He fired his Assault Rifle. "Damn it all to Hell!" He looked up, and saw three Spartans enter the fray, evening the odds.

Morph wiped the sweat off his face. "Thank God, we got Spartans to help us." He watched as the Elite Ultras turned to see the new threats. The one with the Energy Sword charged, only for its shields to break under the firepower of Tyler's Shotgun. The Elite stumbled back, and a three round burst from a Battle Rifle struck it in the head, the body falling.

The remaining Ultra had a Concussion Rifle, and it was firing wildly, small explosions dotting the ground. It was so busy trying to hit Tyler and Lily that it didn't notice Syaoron creeping behind him. The amber eyed Spartan tackled the Elite to the ground, and he stabbed it through the eye with his knife, puncturing the skull. The Elite let out a death cry before falling limp.

The Marines let out sighs of relief as the major threats were eliminated. The Jackals raised their personal shields, only to get blown to bits by several Frag Grenades.

Morph fist pumped. "Now that's how we do it Marines!" Someone shouted, "Fuck yeah!" in agreement. Syaoron took off his helmet, running a hand through his hair. "Where's the wounded?"

Morph jerked his thumb behind him. "Back there. He got hit by that Concussion Rifle, and his lower right arm is burnt away."

Syaoron walked over to the wounded Corporal, and he saw the Sergeant Major was right. "Holy shit kid, that does not look good." The Corporal raised his head and laughed bitterly, blood dripping from his mouth, " I still took out a good amount of them though."

Syaoron looked for a med kit. There wasn't any, and the Devil Dog's breaths were growing shallower by the second. He shook him. "Come on, don't die on us." The Corporal sighed and let his eyes close. "I went outâ€| with a bang."

The Corporal fell limp as the life left his body. Syaoron made a fist and slammed it into the ground. "DAMMIT!" Another soldier died in his arms, and he was too late to help them when they were alive. He picked up the fallen soldier's body, pushing his way through the Marines. "I was too late again."

He handed the body to Morph, who looked at the fallen Marine. "He died like a true soldier. I'll personally give him a proper funeral." Morph marched away, and the Spartans walked back to the Warthog.

They drove back to the base in silence. Even for Spartans, this was too quiet. Something wasn't right, and Lily had a feeling she knew what it was. She placed a hand on Syaoron's shoulder. "That Marine didn't make it, did he?" Syaoron slumped in the seat even more. "I was too damn late again. How many times is this going to happen?"

Lily didn't pry anymore, and she faced away from him.

When they reached the base, the first thing everyone did was head straight for the med bay. Lily gave Syaoron and Tyler a look, and the two males got the message and left, leaving her alone with Faye.

Lily brushed the sleeping Spartan's hair out of her eyes, and the blonde blinked her eyes tiredly. "Lily, is that you?"

Lily nodded, and she was surprised as Faye sat up without as much as a wince. The blonde felt her chest. "Well, it looks like I'm a quick one to heal." She looked up, and closed her eyes as Lily hugged her. "I told Tyler and Syaoron to leave us for a bit."

"And what did you plan on doing, may I ask?" Faye questioned, stretching. It was hard for Lily to keep her gaze away from the blonde Spartan's curvy form. Faye noticed, and she smirked. "Oh, I see you enjoy looking at my body. It can be yours if you want."

**Warning: Citrussy fruit inbound**

Lily blushed at her words, as they were quite true. She did want the blonde, so much more than everyone thought. She leaned forward to kiss Faye, only for the blonde to grab her and do it first. Lily let out a small cry of shock as Faye's lips dominated hers, kissing her with so much passion. Lily kissed back, and she opened her mouth to let Faye's tongue inside. The blonde was exploring Lily's mouth,

showing the brunette who was in charge.

Lily let her hands travel down to Faye's large breasts, and she began to rub the soft mounds of flesh, moans of pleasure coming from her. Lily smirked. "Oh, you like that huh? Well, you'll love this then." She took one of Faye's breasts into her mouth, making the blonde moan even more.

Lily gave her nipple a little lick, and Faye gasped her name. "Li-lily!"

Faye rolled over, so she was on top. "Oh no, I'm in control now." That sent shivers up Lily's spine. She let out a gasp as Faye's lips traveled down her neck, leaving a small mark.

"Mm, you do taste good," Faye mumbled. Lily blushed at her words. "Um, thanks?"

Faye finally removed her mouth from Lily's neck, and she gave a small smile. "I'm quite eager to find out what else tastes good about you."

Before Lily could react, Faye already pulled down her panties, leaving her bare. "Mmm, you look nice~." She looked up. "Are you sure you want this?"

Lily pushed Faye's head down. "There's my answer. Make me yours!"

Faye smiled and began to lick, waves of pleasure crashing over Lily as she felt her tongue. The brunette's body began shaking, her breaths quickening as Faye's tongue continued to lick her clit. **(A/N: I know, cheesy as fuckâ€|)**. Faye stuck her tongue all the way in, and Lily lost control of her body as she came, her liquids spraying over the blonde's face.

**Safe for now LOL**

Faye wiped her face off. "Who knew you packed that much punch." Lily blushed as the blonde climbed back on top of her. She ran a hand through her blonde hair. "I guess I'm yours huh? We definitely needed to get that done with."

Faye smirked. "You act like it's a chore." Lily hushed her. "Back to sleep now. And I am joining."

With the tension gone, both women fell asleep in each other's arms.

**A/N: To anyone who actually reads this bloody thing: I am not going to be the one updating this story anymore, as a close personal friend is with me writing it. Comments, and any other kind of feedback is appreciated.**

**Ja**

7. Chapter 7

_**A/N: Hey guys, I have another chapter for 'Ruin', and I can say it

is pretty good, although it will be filled with more action, instead of smut. Sorry perverts ;P, but I need to finish this one. I don't own Halo, that is 343 Industries property.**_

Chapter 7

Lily blinked her eyes open, and she was still on top of Faye. As the blonde was still asleep, she didn't want to disturb her. Carefully, Lily got off of her, forgetting to look around at her surroundings.

"Well, I wonder what you two possibly could have done," a teasing voice said behind her. Lily turned around to see Tyler with that damn Cheshire Cat smirk of his. Lily blushed. "How did you know?"

"You weren't exactly quiet. From what I heard, she dominated you."

Lily rolled her eyes, but deep down her heart was beating rapidly as she remembered Faye's lips on her own, and the taste of her.

"Who is it? Oh, hey Tyler," a mumbled voice came behind them. Both Spartans turned around to see Faye was stretching, some of her hair falling in her face. "Any news?"

Tyler nodded. "We have good and bad. Which would you prefer?"

"I prefer my veggies first."

Tyler took a deep breath. "The Covenant have reportedly set up more encampments about five miles from here, and there's two General Elites at each one. "

Faye sucked her teeth. "Fuck. Alright, gimme the damn dessert."

Tyler smirked. "The good news is, they seem to be ignoring our scouts, and they don't have any heavy vehicle support. A team of three Spartans should get rid of them."

Faye rubbed her temples. "I'm really sick of these bastards on my planet, and I'm sure you guys are as well. Alright, we'll hit 'em where it hurts, and then we'll double tap them. Understood?"

Both Spartans nodded, glad to have the old Faye back; the one who could be caring one minute and a weapon of mass destruction the next.

Faye began putting on her new armor, a dark green Mark VI MJOLNIR set, except for her chest piece, a slightly rare HP/Parafoil that was not available to everyone. Otherwise, her wrist, utility and knee guards were the same.

Once they were fitted, they headed towards the armory grabbing several weapons of their choice.

Tyler smiled slightly as he picked up his Shotgun, pumping a round in it. "I missed this gun. Faye sighed and put her Sniper Rifle across her back, wielding two SMGs and a pair of Magnums strapped to her sides. "We don't have too much time."

They grabbed the weaponry and ran out for a Warthog, lying perfectly for them. Faye jumped in the seat, and once the others were in, drove off, heading for the first camp.

-0-

Quarter Mile from Covenant Camp

Faye looked through her scope. "Tyler, there are two Plasma Turrets on both sides. I'll take them out, while you and Lily hit 'em up close. Understood?" Both Spartans winked their acknowledge lights green before heading out.

Tyler crouched low, and he made his way quickly over to the enemy, as quiet as possible. "F, we have to get rid of those Tur—"Two sniper shots filled the air, taking out the big guns. "Never mind."

Faye smirked from where she was. "I told you I'd cover your ass."

"Only my ass? You must not like me too much."

"Please, you are way too easy to tease." This caused Tyler to blush, and he looked away. He looked up to see an Elite with its back turned to him. Grinning, the Spartan shot the Elite in the ass with his Shotgun. "You have just been violated!"

Lily rolled her eyes, ducking from a Plasma Grenade. "Seriously Tyler? Why did you shoot it in the ass?"

"Because I fucking could."

"You should get those issues checked out when we get back."

Unfortunately, since Tyler did decide to tear an Elite's ass apart with his shotgun, every single Covenant was alert, including the General Elites. And to say they were pissed was an understatement.

The first General stumbled as a pair of Sniper rounds struck it in the chest, before the next round took out its shields. With the alien vulnerable, Tyler brought his weapon up to shoot the Elite, only for a kill-stealing blonde to take it out. "FAYE!"

"Sorry, couldn't resist," the giggled reply came. Tyler rolled his eyes and pulled out his Magnums, each fully loaded. The other General Elite roared a challenge, activating its Energy Sword in one hand. Tyler groaned as he saw the alien begin to charge. "Oh, that's just great. No, really."

The Spartan backpedaled to buy time, unloading both Magnums into the Elite's face, the shields flaring blue. The Elite still charged, swinging the blade precariously close to Tyler's head. He ducked, but he didn't avoid the roundhouse kick to his stomach. The impact sent him flying, crashing through a tree.

"That really fucking sucked," Tyler grumbled, trying to get to his feet. The Elite was upon him, and he was pinned. No way out. Tyler

resigned himself to his fate, only for the end to never come.

Lily had jumped on the Elite's back and stabbed her knife through its neck, severing the spinal cord. Tyler went to get up, only to feel a searing pain in his leg. The Elite's Plasma Dagger.

"Oh fuck me," he groaned. Lily pulled the white-hot blade out of him, and Tyler knew he wasn't going to be able to do much. Not with a bum leg like that. The Spartan leaned himself on the stump, and he brought his Magnums to bear. "I ain't giving up just yet."

Lily left him, and she began targeting the remaining Covenant, her Battle Rifle putting three round bursts into their skulls.

"I'm gonna rip out your spine and use it as a coat hanger," she growled as she emptied a full clip into an Elite, the bullets tearing through.

"Nice threat of yours," Faye commented before taking out a pair of Jackals. She cursed as she saw her ammo count. "Shit I only have two clips left. Switching to DMR now."

Faye's DMR snapped up, and the Sniper Rifle was across her back once more, heading down towards the others. She came across an Elite Minor with its back turned, and the blonde snapped its neck. "Ugly slip-lip."

A pair of suicide Grunts ran at her, and they fell to DMR shots as well. She didn't see the fallen grenades land behind her, and they detonated, taking out her shields. Faye frowned and rebooted the shielding system. Nothing. Her shields her dead.

An Elite deactivated its active-camo, the light-bending technology preventing it from being spotted earlier. Faye snapped her DMR up and fired, the gun clicking after three shots. The last three shots of the gun. Faye crouched down low in a stance. Even with a shield malfunction, she was sure she could take on a lone Elite.

The Elite took off its helmet and placed it on the floor, the mandibles parting in what looked to be a smile. The Plasma Pistol clattered to the ground a moment later.

Faye swore as the Elite ignited an Energy Sword in its hand. "Fuck me."

The Elite gave that smile and charged.

Faye ducked the hissing blade of energy, smacking the butt of her DMR into the Elite's stomach. She brought the gun up to smash the Elite's skull.

But the alien rolled back. There was a blur of motion as the energy blade lashed out and neatly dissected the DMR. Both halves of the wrecked precision weapon fell on the ground.

"Shit, I liked that gun," Faye muttered. The Energy Sword narrowly missed her again. Her armor's internal temperature skyrocketed.

Faye couldn't risk dancing with the Elite for long, so she did the last thing it expected. She stepped forward and grabbed its

wrists.

The bands of muscle on the Elite's forearms were iron hard, and it tried to free itself from Faye's grip. Faye wrencheded the Elite's sword arm and forced the blade away. But this took most of her strength, and her grip on the other arm weakened.

The Energy Sword blurred precariously close to Faye's head. It missed by an inch and sent a wave of static over her HUD.

Faye had seen Energy Swords slice battle armored ODSTs in half and gouge gaping wounds in Titanium A battle plate.

Worse, this is Elite was tough, cunning, well-trained, and wasn't still recovering from a Plasma Dagger wound. Faye could feel the throbbing of her muscles, feel them pulling even more.

Lily and a limping Tyler came along, and Lily drew her pistol. "Faye, move it! We have no shot!"

Easier said than done. If Faye let go now, the Elite would slice her in half.

The Spartan grunted, struggling to turn the Elite.

The Elite glanced at them and growled in its native tongue. Faye looked over, still fighting. "Lily, get him out of here." She raised her leg up and delivered a sharp kick. Her boot connected with the Elite's breastplate. The shield died, and the armor cracked like porcelain.

The alien stumbled back, dragging Faye along with it. It coughed up purple blood that obscured Faye's visor. Its foot struck something on the ground â€“the Elite's fallen helmet- and lost its footing.

Together they crashed on the ground.

Faye kept her grip on the Elite's sword arm. The other hand, however, wrencheded free and grabbed the fallen Plasma Pistol. The weapon's muzzle charged with sickly green energy.

Faye rolled to the side as the weapon discharged, the glowing sphere of energy missing her by an inch.

Together, still struggling, the pair got to their feet, and Faye slammed the Elite into a tree. The Energy Sword cut into Faye's armor, boiling through the alloy that protected his upper arm.

"Lily! Fire now!"

"Yes ma'am!"

Gunfire shot through the tree, the bullets tearing into the Elite's back, oddly muffled. The alien sawed the blade deeper, cutting through the tough crystalline layers of the blonde's armor. Hydrostatic gel oozed from the woundâ€|mixed with Faye's blood.

"Keep. Shooting."

A pair of bullet holes appeared in the Elite's broken chestplate, and bits of bone and blood splattered on Faye.

The alien was finally off balance, and Faye snapped the Elite's sword arm. The energy blade hissed and went dark as the fail-safes permanently disabled the weapon. She twisted the Elite to the right and landed a powerful open handed strike to the wounded chest. The alien howled in pain and fell to the ground. Faye pulled out her pistol and leveled it at the Elite's head. "Get off my planet."

A single shot rang out, and the Elite went limp, a wound smoldering in its skull. Faye's vision spun, her blood loss catching up as she tried to right herself. "Good work!"

Her shoulder burned, stiff and refusing to move. Lily grimaced as she looked at the wound, still leaking red. "That looks bad. We should head back."

Faye shook her head, refusing help. "No. I'm fine for now." She still had that metal arm of hers. Wincing, she picked up a grenade and chucked it, blowing a lone Jackal to bits.

Faye's vision returned, and her arm was beginning to regain feeling. Luckily the wound wasn't deep. Tyler was limping badly, and both female Spartans helped him walk.

"You know, I never thought I'd ever get to say this," Tyler panted, relying on support to walk.

"What is it?" Lily asked. Tyler smirked, and Faye had an idea where it was going.

"I'm the lucky meat in this sandwich, between two beauties," Tyler replied. Faye narrowed her eyes. "You know, leaving you behind doesn't seem too bad at all." Lily simply blushed and looked away. "Tyler, I swear, if you ever tell Syaoron what happened last night, I'll rip out your spine and use it as a coathanger."

Chuckling, they went back to the base to heal up, and they knew the fight wasn't over just yet, despite the good victory.

**A/N: There you go folks. Hopefully this will be a story that gets updated every other week again, as this is on high priority again. Feedback of any type is appreciated. See you!**

**Ja**

8. Chapter 8

**A/N: I know it has been quite a while, but I can finally write again for 'Ruin'. In this chapter, there will be a few character deaths, but nothing too major. I do not own Halo at all. Otherwise, I'd be living in a mansion with tons of kawaii girls in maid outfits.**

Chapter 8

Faye and Lily guided Tyler back to HQ, and they headed straight for the medical bay, seeing several other Spartans arming themselves silently. Faye shot a glance over to Lily. "You go on ahead. I'm gonna see what's up." The brunette gave a nod and whispered. "Be careful," before heading off.

Faye marched until she was right in front of one. "Alright Alex. Tell me what's up with the sudden arming. I wasn't aware of any exercises today."

Alex took off his helmet. "ONI sent for us. The base in Fords got hit. Badly. Nearly all soldiers are KIA."

Faye's jaw dropped. "You are kidding me!" Alex snorted. "You know I don't kid with these kinds of reports, ma'am. The situation is beyond FUBAR now, and the intel at the base is too valuable for ONI to lose."

"It's true," Syaoron boomed, a Rocket Launcher slung on his shoulder. "The only two survivors are here, being treated for serious wounds." Faye sighed and rubbed her temples. "Well, this is just great."

The blonde spun on her heel, heading for the medical bay. "Fuck this shit, I need a damn coffee."

Syaoron watched her go, a slight pang of worry in his chest. "Should one of us go with her? Just to make sure she doesn't try anything reckless again?"

Alex sighed. "Well, we do need every soldier we can get, but you are right. Better to see that the commander is safe before anything. I'll lead the group. You stay here."

Syaoron nodded and gave his old friend a fist bump. "Take care mate." Little did he know it would be the last time he would ever see him.

After the group left, headed to Fords, Syaoron shook his head and chased after Faye. "I swear, she had better not have done anything incredibly daft."

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Faye walked into the medical bay, and she saw a medic taping up Tyler's wound with biofoam. When he saw his commander, he immediately tried to give her treatment. Treatment she couldn't afford at the moment. "Ma'am, please. You need to get that stitched up ASAP. The risk of infection-"

"Yeah, I know Doc. I really do. But I can't afford that right now. Treat the others first," Faye ordered, pain lancing up the arm that was cut by the Energy Sword. Blood still trickled from the wound, and Faye had to clench her teeth to prevent a sharp hiss of pain leave her. '_I really am too stubborn._'

Tyler hobbled over to her. "Listen to me for once. I know that you want to show that you are strong to the rest of us, but don't let foolish pride get in the way." Suited up, he exited the medical bay, with Lily tossing her an apologetic glance. Faye leaned back against the wall, slumping down till she reached the floor. Her eyes were

hidden beneath her bangs, and she put a hand on her face, laughing bitterly. "Don't let pride get in your way, huh? That's what is too hard for me to do!" '_I swear, he really is like you, Austin._'

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Tyler limped back, completely in his armor, and he finally admitted that he need some help walking. He leaned on Lily for support. "Do you think she'll listen?"

Lily shook her head. "Nah, I doubt it. She's trying to put up a wall between her and her pain, but she's losing, and quickly. Honestly, with what you told me earlier, I'm surprised she hasn't broken down and cried in a corner for the rest of her life."

Tyler let out a sigh. "Faye is strong, but because of that, she's also fragile. Well, being hunted by the most feared assassin doesn't help matters either." Lily scoffed. "You don't say."

"Yeah, and that damn pride of hers is a problem," a familiar voice muttered. Tyler turned around, relaxing when he saw who it was. "Syaoron. I didn't expect to see you here."

The amber eyed Spartan nodded. "You two heading out? Don't. It's a Goddamn warzone like we've never seen, and our lovely CO is still being treated."

Tyler shook his head. "Faye's refusing treatment for that arm. It's like she doesn't want to show weakness. I don't get it."

Syaoron sighed and leaned against the wall, a glass of beer in his hand. "I swear, she hasn't changed a bit. That pride of hers is gonna get her killed. Just like another person I know."

Tyler tilted his head to the side in confusion, but Lily beat him to it. "What happened to them?" Syaoron gulped down the alcohol and loaded a clip into his Magnum. "Let's just say they went missing for a year before returning recently." He meant himself.

Syaoron sighed and left, muttering under his breath, "I swear, I'll treat her myself if I have to."

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Most of Faye's armor was off, and her left arm was covered in blood. "Now, I'll get it fixed up." The medic sighed and set about cleaning the wound, his hands turning red. "Geez miss, you really are letting yourself get thrown around a lot as of late. You have any idea how expensive this suit is?"

Faye scoffed, pushing a few strands of hair from her face. "Tell that to the Covenant. I'm sure they would love to hear that."

The doctor chuckled. "Good point ma'am. Still, be a bit more careful, will you? Especially since this is twice you've been in here the past two days."

Faye winced. "Son of a bitch!" The wound was deeper than she thought, and her arm burned in pain. The flesh below was a mess, blackened

from the Energy Sword. The cut itself was rather nasty too, and Faye had to bite her lip to prevent a small cry of pain escape her as the wound was cleaned and filled with biofoam.

The medic looked at her with weary, dull brown eyes. "Don't hide your pain. That just makes us worry a whole lot more. Take it from me, F."

Faye sighed reluctantly and put her metal arm on his shoulder. "I know that, Eric. You don't have to tell me again." Eric folded his arms across his chest, stubborn. "Well, clearly I do since you still don't get it! In this war alone, how many times has your pride gotten in the way? Answer that."

Faye stood silently, staring blankly into space. "Iâ€œ!"

Eric snorted and shrugged the blonde's hand off. "Your past doesn't matter. So, hurry up and resign yourself to who you are now!" Faye looked up at the ceiling, laughing bitterly again. Talk about something she did a lot of as of today. "Hahahaha. For me at least, that's another thing I cannot do. I'm a wanted criminal standing in the midst of heroesâ€œ!" She sighed and looked down, ashamed of what she was. "If only they knew what a terrible person I am."

One side of her told her that the others wouldn't care, that they would view her as she was currently. The other side?

They would be the ones that drove her to her own ruin.

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Alex led three Spartans into the Fords Base. "Go, go, go!" He fired his Battle Rifle at a pair of Elites, trying to take out at least some targets. The aliens fired the Plasma Rifles one last time before falling in a puddle of purple blood. Alex flexed his shoulder, blood flowing from an earlier wound. "Show 'em what we're made of!"

A few Spartans tried to take out the pair of Elite Generals that were running the show, but the two Spartans were killed by the Sanghelis' Energy Swords. Blood spurted everywhere as they were cut in two.

Alex was horrified by the scene, for he knew those two Spartans personally. "Michaelâ€œCassie."

Anger flooded his mismatched eyes and he flew into a rage at the Elites. **"Bastardsâ€œ|you'll pay for this!" **With an angry snarl, he picked up a fallen Energy Sword hilt and sliced one of the General Elites' head off. He whirled around and struck the other's own sword. Alex glared at the Elite, breathing hard. "You'll never hurt another human again. I'll make damn sure of it."

The General clicked its mandibles. "You think so, demon? You are weak; an assassin. If you were to fight me honorably, as warriors, you would fall like so many others have fallen before you. From our fire, our swords, from the weight of our boots. You will be disposed of like the many other worthless humans!"

Alex decided to toy with his food a bit, a favorite pastime of him and Syaoron in the old days. "Oh really? Because it seems like I'm

crossing swords with you, and holding my own at that. How about it, slip-slip?" '_Let's hope that over-inflated sense of honor gets to him._'

It was a dangerous gamble, but wasn't that what was in the job description to be a Spartan?

The General growled in its native tongue. "There is honor in our path. But your kind? Humanity? You are a disease that must be purged at once!"

Alex pushed his sword harder against the Elite's. "Is that so? Well, this disease is right up in your face, and there isn't a single fucking thing you can do about it." He leaned back, causing the massive alien to stumble clumsily. Alex pressed his advantage and decapitated the Elite, a geyser of purple blood staining his armor. "Ugh, this is some disgusting shit. It'll take me a week to clean this."

'_If I survive,' _he added silently. Alex wasn't one to be feared of death itself. Oh no. it was beyond that which scared him. Would he have to endure the hot circles of his own Hell for committing the crimes he did? Or would he be forgiven, and allowed eternal peace?

Only one way to be sure, after all.

Alex saw the oncoming wave of Covenant, and one quick look around confirmed that he was the only remaining Spartan left. He was all alone.

'_This is probably the best chance I'll ever get to go out like I want to,' _Alex thought as he grabbed one of their heavy explosives and set the detonator.

The horde of angry Covenant was only a few meters away, when he smiled grimly and released his thumb from the detonator. '_Send me outâ€|with a bang._'

The brilliant flash of white light was the last thing he ever saw.

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Syaoron burst into the medical bay, the doors falling off the hinges. He looked behind him in slight annoyance. "Goddammit! I didn't mean to do that!" He stopped abruptly when he saw Faye standing in a corner, her eyes lowered and hair covering most of her face. "Faye? What's the matter?"

Faye mumbled something under her breath, too low for Syaoron to make out. He pressed an ear closer. "Huh?"

Faye started to grin sadistically, laughing almost cruelly. To say it could scare the living shit out of any other Spartan was an understatement.

But Syaoron had seen Faye like this a long time ago, shortly after Austin died. "It's that time again, huh?" When Faye looked up, Syaoron could see her eyes were blank, unseeing. It nearly scared

him.

Faye's dark smile increased. "You will all burn. Every single one of you will feel the fires as you are burned alive. I hope you like pain, because you are in for a world of it. Be ready, Faye Valeria, because I'm coming for you. No one ever leaves the darkness behind."

Faye's eyes rolled before she fell in a heap, Syaoron barely catching her in time. He held her close to him, breathing in the scent of her hair. "I'll never leave you again. I promise."

**A/N: There we go! This fanfic has gotten a bit darker in nature, hasn't it? I think I might need to change it from Romance/Drama to Romance/Angst, as that probably fits it a bit better. Comments or feedback of any kind is always appreciated.**

9. Chapter 9

**A/N: Alright, here we go again. I really want to wrap this story up, and this is most likely going to be the second-to-last chapter. Still, this is actually the second longest fanfic I have, and I'm having some hopes for it. Hell, I even have a damn sequel planned out for it. I do not own Halo, for that is the property of 343 Industries.**

Chapter 9

Faye blinked her eyes open, and she found herself staring into a familiar face. "Syao!" She groaned as a sharp pain lanced through her temples. "Ugh, what the fuck happened? My head!"

Syaoron placed his gauntleted hand on her shoulder, giving her a squeeze. "You don't really remember, do you?" It was so low, the blonde Spartan almost didn't hear him. "If I did, would I seriously be asking? I might have a dumb moment every now and then, but I don't kid when it comes to pain."

Syaoron shrugged his broad shoulders. "Good point. Well, you sorta collapsed. I guess you wore yourself out too much. And I'm not too surprised that you went against the doctor's orders for the umpteenth time."

Faye tried to whistle, but then realized she couldn't and merely said "Huuu~!" in response. The feigned innocence caused the brunette to roll his eyes. "Nice try, but I know that you are the exact opposite of innocent." He paused for a moment, processing what he just said. "Wait a minute; that can be taken two ways."

The implied perverted joke caused Faye to laugh a bit, hissing as her arm burned. Even though it was filled with biofoam, it still managed to sting like hell. "I regret taking on that Elite with a shield malfunction. Speaking of which, I need a technician down here. Find one, as my shields need to be rebooted."

Syaoron merely smirked as he picked up a comlink. "Oi! Will a bloody technician please report to the medical center ASAP? Our lovely commander needs a shield reboot." The COM crackled a bit, almost like they were losing the signal. "We hear you loud and clear. We're on

our way."

Faye ran a hand through her hair. "Nice to see you still are able to order them around." Syaoron shrugged again. "Hey, I have always been able to do one thing, love. And that's order people." Faye's eyebrows shot up, and she gave him a smirk. "Oh really? I don't really believe you, Syao. Give me proof of your abilities."

The brunette Spartan gave her an amused look. "That sounds awfully like an invite now, doesn't it?" Faye smiled innocently. "Well now, that all depends. It is possible I meant it in that way." Syaoron snorted. "Please. If there is anything I have learned in my time together with you, it's that you are one with a dirty mind."

"Like you'd ever complain," the blonde muttered. Syaoron opened his mouth to reply when the technician he called for entered. "Commander, I'm here." He had a bunch of spare parts for Faye's armor, and he set to work. "Ma'am, hold your arm out."

Faye did, and she winced as the burning pain shot up her arm.
_ 'Owâ€|'_ The technician looked at her in slight exasperation. "If it hurts like this, then next time you shouldn't take on an Elite with no shields. This should be a good reminder, and dear lord! What the hell did you manage to do to this suit!? We just got this one!"

Syaoron snickered. "Speaking of new armor, shouldn't I be due for a new one? I am a bit bored with this suit, you know." The technician rolled his eyes and fitted a new shoulder piece onto the blonde.
"Well, go bitch at ONI for a new one; I'm fucking busy."

"That excuse only works if you're getting laid, which I'm sure you don't know what that's like."

"Syao, fuck you, man. I can't believe this shitâ€|Commander, do you have any idea how expensive this suit is?" the man asked, wiping sweat from his brow. Syaoron turned away, shaking with amusement.

Faye sucked her teeth. "Bitch at the Covenant, not me. They broke it, and I'm sure they would love to hear any complaints. I can call them just for you and arrange a sit-down dinner."

"That was a rhetorical question."

"I know, I just felt like messing with you," the blonde shot back.

The man sighed and slapped the new piece in, rebooting the shields. Faye let out a sigh of relief as they turned back on. "Thanks Will. Now I can go back to whooping alien ass like usual." No sooner had those words left her mouth than the base rumbled.

An alarm blared a second later, flashing red. Syaoron stood, reaching for a Battle Rifle. "We're under fire!"

Faye ducked as a support beam missed her by a centimeter. _ 'Shit! That was too close.' _ "But I thought Alex and his group halted them! What the hell is this!?"

Tyler's voice crackled over the COM. _"F, these are the images of that base in Fords. I think you might want to see this." _Faye received the images, and her eyes widened. "Oh God, please noâ€|"

The entire area was a circle of flame, completely destroyed. It looked like an image of Hell. Tyler's voice sounded again, filled with regret. _'These are the pictures from less than twenty minutes ago. No survivors. I'm sorry.'_

A lone tear snaked its way down Faye's face as she realized what that meant. "Alexâ€|not you, too." She lowered her gaze, letting out a single sob. Syaoron rubbed her back, hugging her. "He was my friend too. Still, he completed his objective. That data is destroyed, but the Covenant don't have it."

Faye looked up, wiping her face and her eyes filled with anger. "I'm killing them. Every last fucking one." She spun around, grabbed ammo and a Sniper Rifle, and walked out, seething. Her anger was thick enough to not only breathe it, but choke on it.

Syaoron sighed as he caught up to her, his helmet back on. "F, just promise me one thing, will you?" The blonde looked back briefly. "What?"

"Promise me that no matter what, we do not let Alex die for nothing."

"I promise."

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Covenant Supercarrier in Orbit above Reach

The Shipmaster of the Supercarrier, Shao'Lin, was different from most Shipmasters. For one, he was more mysterious, and two, he was a human. An assassin, hunting his prey down.

He looked at the surface of Reach, a swirling mass of blue, green, white, and the growing red. The planet would soon fall, but not soon enough for Shao'Lin. _'So, my little prey is still hiding, is she? No matter. I will kill her like the rest of my victims.'_

The door to his bridge hissed open, and he turned around to see an Elite bowing. "Rise, General. Tell me the report."

The Elite, covered in the golden armor of a General, stepped forward, bowing gracefully before his Shipmaster. "Shipmaster, I have news of your target. She is currently residing in the only remaining stronghold, just thirty minutes southeast of Fords."

Shao'Lin smirked as he faced the viewport, the reflection of his black and silver hair staring back at him. "So it seems. Any news on the other one who managed to get away?"

The Elite shook his head. "I'm afraid not, Shipmaster. That cowardly British agent slipped out of our grasp and is currently missing. No one has seen him." Shao'Lin sucked his teeth. "Bugger. I was hoping I could manage to kill Valeria and Reginald fairly close to each other. Oh well, I suppose that can't be helped. After all, Reginald is a

renowned bounty hunter."

The Elite's mandibles parted into a smile. "Perhaps, I could suggest that we land and show Valeria your true power." Shao'Lin smirked as he stroked his chin. '_Oh, I fully intend to do that soon.' _"Very tempting, I must say. However, I'm afraid I must decline your request. I want to make her suffer before I kill her. Otherwise, there's no fun. I want Valeria to beg me to kill her, after I strip her of everyone she loves. Especially that one girl who she recently bonded with."

The Elite chuckled, its mandibles clicking in sadistic amusement. "May I have the honor of taking out Lilly? That little pest has taken out quite a few of my best troops." Shao'Lin nodded and turned away, looking at the blackness of space. "She's all yours, General. Though make sure to torture that other bastard who hangs around Lilly, will you? He's been getting on my nerves."

The Elite bowed before leaving. "Of course, Shipmaster. I will personally see to it." He left, and Shao'Lin looked down at the planet, slowly but surely becoming a ball of fire. "No escape this time, Valeria."

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_Reach _

RWBY Base

Tyler stood on the roof of the base, peering through the scope of a DMR. "It looks like we've got company, and they look pissed off." Lilly wriggled down next to him, awfully close and making the Spartan blush. She took the DMR and let out a sigh. "That we do. We'll never get out of this, will we?"

Tyler shook his head, taking his helmet off to reveal his tired eyes. "At this rate, we're the only stronghold left. Everything else has burned, and yet somehow we are still fighting."

Lilly rolled over, looking at the sky of ash above them. "There's no point, is there? Reach is going to fall, and there's not a fucking thing we can do about it. I'm surprised that Faye isn't up here, sniping the Covenant fucktards."

"Oh, but I am," a very pissed off yet familiar voice said. Lilly turned around to see Faye, an angry glare in her eyes and a Sniper Rifle in her hands. She pulled the bolt back and laid down, right next to a bucket of ammo. "Sayonara motherfuckers."

She squeezed the trigger four times, and Tyler could see the bodies hit the ground, only to be replaced by more. Faye ejected the empty clip and slapped in a new one. "This is for you, Alex." Four more shots rang out, and four more bodies hit the ground.

She looked up and sucked her teeth. "Damn. There's still too many. Syao! Get heavy weapons up here, now!"

"Already ahead of you, love," came the reply. Syaoron appeared, a Rocket Launcher over his shoulder and two more Spartans with a Spartan Laser and Rocket Launcher each. "Fire at will."

Several rockets fired from the tubes, and the missiles took out quite a large portion of the advancing onslaught. Syaoron barked out another order. "Lasers, up front! Fire away, boys!"

Two red bursts began to take out more Covenant troops, save for a pair of Elites in strange black armor. Faye looked through her rifle and began to pale. "It's them. They found me." She began to shake as the old memories, stored away from when Celes burned, started to resurface.

Lilly looked at the shaken Spartan. "Is she okay?" Syaoron looked worried as he took off his helmet, avoiding a Beam Rifle shot by inches. "Shit!"

He took the Sniper Rifle, slinging it over his shoulder. "She's probably remembering what happened on Celes, her old home."

Lilly and Tyler exchanged a confused glance. "Celes? As in the colony whose ruin was covered up?" Syaoron nodded, firing a shot. "Yeah. She was there when the city of Valeria burned, and she suffered through quite some trauma then. It still happens every now and then, ever since Austin died."

Syaoron didn't get much of a chance to say much more as two Beam Rifles shots hit him, twice in the same spot. Blood began to pour from his arm, and the brunette let out a hiss. "Dammit. I was too careless." His arm was mangled beyond repair; it would probably need to be amputated if he wanted to live afterwards.

Tyler slung the wounded Spartan over his shoulder, carrying him. "Lilly, you take F back. I'm gonna take him down to the emergency section." Lilly nodded back at him, her green eyes slightly watering. '_Tyler, be careful.' _She shook her head. '_What theâ€|why am I feeling that heat again? What the hell is this? Don't tell meâ€|'_

Shaking her head with a sigh, Lilly pushed back that strange emotion and picked up Faye, the shaken Spartan her biggest concern. '_We can't allow that assassin to take her away._'

**A/N: Okay, I'm finished. The next chapter is going to be the grand finale, and the last major character death will happen. See you!**

**Ja'ne!**

10. Chapter 10

**A/N: Well, here is the final chapter of Ruin, and it will probably be a bit longer than most of the other chapters as this is the finale. I am sorry to finally get this done, but without further ado here it is.**

Chapter 10

Covenant Supercarrier

Shao'Lin continued to ponder about when he should land on the planet.

Most of the surface was a sea of fire, and he could see the smoke rising as many Covenant ships began their plasma bombardment. _'Fuck it. I'm going to kill Valeria today. I've had enough waiting. Many years of it, in fact. This will end today.'_

He picked up the COM. _"General Sal Kashiin, report to the main observation deck immediately."_

The crackled reply came, rather hasty. _"As you wish, Shipmaster."_ Shao'Lin placed the COM down and poured a glass of wine, holding the red liquid up. _'I've made up my mind. It is a pity that I couldn't kill Valeria and Reginald together, but oh well. I'll hunt Reginald down after I dispose of Valeria.'_

The door hissed open, and the Elite, General Kashiin, stepped inside, bowing. "Shipmaster, what is your request?" The assassin smirked as he down the wine. ""Remember our earlier conversation about when I should take Valeria out?"

The Elite nodded, confused. "Of course, Shipmaster. Do you mean to tell me that we're going to kill her today?"

Shao'Lin nodded, throwing the glass over his shoulder and breaking it. _'The sound of breaking glass is so pretty.'_"That's right. Today, you also get to take out Lilly and Tyler. We have one hour before we go, so I suggest bringing your ideal weapons for this event."

The Elite nodded, bowing again. "As you wish, Shipmaster. I'll assemble our best warriors immediately." He stood up and left, the door hissing closed behind him.

Shao'Lin fished around in his pocket until he found his weapon, an Energy Sword. He flicked his wrist, and a red blade appeared, different from the normal blue variants that most Elites used, save for his special troops. He flicked his wrist again and the plasma weapon went out. _'This will be the last day that Valeria breathes.'_

He walked over to the controls of the Supercarrier and began to steer the massive ship down towards the flaming surface of Reach, keying the COM. _"We are descending onto the surface. Warning: shields may drop momentarily due to the magnetic field, but they will recharge. Shipmaster out."_

The reflection of his black eyes stared back at him, and the assassin smirked as he steered the craft. _'For the first time in quite awhile, I can have some fun with my prey.'_ Shao'Lin took a small knife out of his pocket, caressing it gently. It was the same knife he used to carve his symbol into all of his victims. _'Valeria was incredibly fun to carve the symbol of prey into. No one at that base heard her screams. And her blood tasted delicious, too.'_

Reach's planetary defenses were gone, with the only stronghold being the fortress Valeria was residing in. _'Most of the Fleet don't know about this ship, and what it's used for. The Prophets are the only ones who know the intentions of this Supercarrier.'_

Shao'Lin licked his lips, almost tasting the bloodshed that was waiting for him. He twirled his knife nimbly in his fingers, so eager

to take that silly girl out for good. '_When she's dead, there is only one other person who stands as a threat to me. Reginald, you're next._'

He guided his ship down, and the Supercarrier broke through the clouds, almost directly over the base. He smirked. "It's playtime, Valeria."

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Syaoron stood in the cafeteria, drinking a cup of coffee and flexing his new metal arm. '_I sure am going to miss that old arm, but this new one is pretty cool. I might have fun with the customization options._'

He let out a sigh and stared at the ceiling. '_But that's for later, when we aren't living in fear as we are the last major outpost left. Reach is done for._'

The whole base shuddered, and Syaoron nearly spilled his coffee. "What the fuckâ€|. He looked up at the dust falling from the ceiling. '_Something's not right.' _"Tyler! Get me images of above the base!"

"_On it," _the Spartan replied. Syaoron received the images, and he dropped his cup, hearing it crash on the tile floor. "Oh fuck me." A Covenant Supercarrier was right above them, armed with seven plasma turrets.

He keyed the COM. _"We got a major problem! There's a Supercarrier right above us! MAC guns, fire!"_

The base rattled again, with the alarm blaring. The MAC guns were destroyed. They were defenseless.

Syaoron clenched a fist. "No...we can't be finished." He heard footsteps behind him, and he saw three familiar faces: Tyler, Lilly, and Faye, all ready to fight. "You guysâ€|"

Tyler pumped a round into his Shotgun. "The rest of the place is evacuated. It's only us." Syaoron let out a sigh. '_Great. Four Spartans against one massive Supercarrier. These odds are a little fucked up, even for us._'

The amber eyed Spartan grabbed his Battle Rifle and pocketed clips. "Alright then. We might not make it alive, but either way, we fight until the last." '_Not like we have much choice. They're after Faye, and they have to get through me first._'

He ran outside, and the Supercarrier was gone, and there were four figures instead. One was a man, and the other three were Elites. Syaoron aimed his BR at the man, seething. "It's you!" Faye's eyes were wide with shock and horror as she recognized the man standing with the Elites. "He's here."

The man smiled viciously, holding up one hand to reveal a mark like Faye's. "It's been a long time, hasn't Valeria?" Faye looked around, and to everyone else's shock more Elites deactivated their camouflage, revealing twenty more of the bastards. The man laughed. "There's no place for you to hide, Valeria. It's over. This is the

day your blood flows from this planet until your body screams for oxygen as you die."

Faye backed up, pressing towards Lilly when an Elite, covered in the golden armor of a General, seized the other Spartan, holding her up. "Lilly, we have some delicious plans for you."

Syaoron looked around, seeing that they were hopelessly outnumbered. '_Even if we could kill nearly all of them, we'd still lose at least one of ours._'

He shared a glance with Tyler, the other male giving a subtle nod. '_We need to get Faye away quick.' _Syaoron found a grenade of his belt, and quietly pulled the pin, waiting. After a few seconds, he threw it at the left flank of Elites, the detonation taking them out.

Lilly squirmed, and she managed to break free of the Elite's grasp, drawing her knife. "Let's dance." The Elite growled as it ignited an Energy Sword. "No matter what, Valeria will die. That is guaranteed."

She looked over at Tyler, fighting a handful of the remaining Elites with Syaoron, using his new metal arm to his advantage. '_Please, make it out okay._'

The amber eyed Spartan grabbed an Elite's fist, and he slowly crushed the bones, the alien warrior howling in pain. "You picked the wrong person to mess with." '_After we get out of this I need to take Faye and leave the planetâ€!' _ He looked around, and he saw that the blonde Spartan was missing. '_Where the fuck did she go now? She was here a minute ago!_'

Syaoron heard a scream of pain, and his blood ran cold as he recognized that sound. "NO!" He swung his arm, and he broke an Elite's skull with the punch, throwing the corpse behind him. "Tyler, you and Lils stay here! I'm going after Faye!"

Without waiting for a response, he ran in the direction of that bloodcurdling scream, hoping he wasn't too late. '_Please, don't be too far gone!' _He could feel the tired muscles groan and pull under the constant strain, with his Achilles tendon snapping. Syaoron stumbled, but he kept his balance and continued to run, not even flinching at the harsh pain in his legs.

He paused to catch his breath, hints of darkness creeping at his vision. He shook his head in an attempt to stay conscious. '_I can't stop. I have to keep going, no matter what the cost._'

Syaoron stood up and cracked his neck before sprinting again, dashing through the remaining trees. He stopped when he saw something even more horrifying than he originally thought.

**Warning: graphic images**

Faye was pinned against an outside wall of the base, her hands chained up. The man was slowly torturing her, carving markings into her remaining hand with his knife. As the blonde let out another pained scream, the man licked blood from her hand, "You thought it was going to be painless? Think again. I want you to beg for

death."

Syaoron stepped out, his Battle Rifle aimed on the man. "Step away from her, Shao'Lin. I won't hesitate to kill you, even if you are blood related to me." Shao'Lin laughed cruelly, taking an Energy Sword hilt from his pocket and flicking it, a red blade of energy appearing. "I doubt you ever could. You are too soft to kill me, Big Brother."

To prove his point, Shao'Lin drew the very edge of his Energy Sword across Faye's stomach, burning the flesh. As blood began to trickle, Faye let out another pained scream, tears rolling down the side of her face. "Pleaseâ€|. just stop it. Please!"

Shao'Lin snapped his fingers, and an Elite Field Marshall wielding two Energy Swords appeared, cloaked in active-camo. Syaoron narrowed his eyes in anger. "You bastard."

The Elite tossed the amber-eyed Spartan the hilt of one of the plasma weapons, igniting its own. "Demon, you will fight me honorably, and whoever wins is the one alive." It roared and charged the Spartan, its sword raised.

The blade swung, and Syaoron narrowly avoided it before a kick caught him in the stomach. He felt the wind leave him briefly, and he rolled away to buy time. "I am not letting you get away with this." A scream sounded in his ears.

He stole a quick glance to his right, and Faye was struggling even more now, trying to desperately avoid the knife that was carving into her arm from the wrist up. Shao'Lin leaned forward and licked some of the blood trickling, whispering, "You still taste as good as ever Valeria."

Syaoron blocked a blow from the Elite, spinning the alien warrior around before landing a roundhouse kick to the chest, the armor cracking like porcelain from the force. The Elite coughed up purple blood before falling on one knee, holding its side. Syaoron jumped over it and held its arms behind its head with his metal arm, his sword held high. "This is where you die."

The Elite closed its eyes; its head held high as the Spartan gave it the finishing blow, slicing off its head and purple blood covering him.

Syaoron ran at Shao'Lin, but the assassin laughed and unchained Faye, tossing the wounded girl into him and throwing him back several feet. Syaoron felt a few ribs crack, and he struggled to stand when a boot met his face, throwing him back on the ground. Stars began to dance at the edges of his blurry vision. '_I won't be surprised if I'm concussed from that hit._'

Syaoron struggled to get up again, and his vision soon returned to normal. He heard Faye let out a gasp of pain, and Syaoron froze, for the blonde was bleeding from her mouth with an Energy Sword clean through her abdomen.

As she fell down, panting heavily, Shao'Lin stood over her body with a triumphant sneer. "Now, there's only one person left who's a threat to me, Valeria. And it's not your boy toy, surprisingly. Oh no. it's

our old friend Reginald. You'll see him againâ€|in Hell." A beam of light struck him, and he disappeared. He had teleported back to his ship, which was probably leaving the system soon.

Syaoron tried to reach him, but he struck air. The assassin was gone, and Faye was dying, quickly.

The blonde was still barely alive though, and Syaoron noticed that both Lilly and Tyler were back, staring at the ground. Lilly ran forward and began crying into the blonde's shoulder. "No...please, don't go!"

Faye looked up at them with tired eyes. "It was my fate. Now, this planet will soon be destroyed by a certain new bomb we developed awhile back: the Nova." Tyler held his head low, his eyes closed and Syaoron was still silenced by shock and grief. "Faye, we can get you help."

Faye shook her head, wincing. "N-no. It's t-too l-late. I'm fi-finished. But, there are two last things I need to do." She raised her hand towards Lilly, and she gently whispered, "Tell Tyler how you truly feel. Guys aren't the brightest in this field."

Lilly nodded tearfully before burying her head into Tyler's chest. "You noticed too." Faye nodded slowly, the light from her eyes starting to fade. "Syao, promise me this." Her voice dropped so low that only the amber eyed Spartan heard her. "Find Reginald before he does. And remember that I love you, always." Her eyes lolled and shut forever, her last breath leaving her body. Syaoron hung his head, shaking as he felt a tear snake down his face. _'Fayeâ€| I love you too. That's why I have to do use our last resort._'

Syaoron hugged Faye's body one last time, gently kissing the top of her head. "Fail-safe activate. Codeword: None of us are only saints or sinners." A countdown timer appeared on the remaining Spartans' HUDS, and Lilly grabbed Syaoron's metal shoulder. "What the hell did you do!?"

Syaoron stood up, wiping the side of his face. "I'm not leaving her behind for the Covenant to tear apart for sport. I activated her fail-safe, and her neural transmitters control that Nova bomb. When the timer runs out, Reach is going to be split in two. We have to get a ship out of here in the next hour."

He stood up, and he casted one last look at Faye's corpse. _'Goodbye. I'm sorry I couldn't save you._'

Syaoron turned away, slapping a clip into his Battle Rifle. "There's a ship hidden by active-camo at the base, and it's our only ticket out of here. If you meet any Covvies, kill them without hesitation. Understood?"

Without waiting for an answer, he turned on his heel and began walking back towards the base, pausing briefly to take out a few straggler Grunts. He kicked the bodies as he stepped over them, trying to hurry and fulfill Faye's last wish. _'I have to find Reginald, then? Just who is that supposed to be? The only one I can think of is HIM, but he's been missing for years now. Even Austin couldn't find him._'

Syaoron led Tyler and Lilly straight to the top of the base, clicking on a small button to reveal a massive Cruiser. "This is the UNSC _Gale Flower. _It was a top secret project that even ONI didn't know about. It has stolen Covenant technology, which I will explain after we board and get out of here."

Syaoron hit a button, and they were transported into the control room of the ship, where he took control and began setting a course. "We're heading out of here as quick as we can, and when the drives are running we'll hit a random set of coordinates. Standard UNSC Protocol." He engaged the thrusters, and the ship took off, quickly ascending towards the blackness of space. Syaoron cast one last look a Reach, the planet a swirling ball of fire. '_I'm avenging you, I promise. I will kill that son of a bitch the next time I see him, I swear my life on it._'

He looked up, and his eyes widened as he saw the assassin's Supercarrier leave the system. "Fuck! They were waiting for us. God-fucking-dammit!"

He slouched back in the seat, wiping sweat from his brow. He shook his head angrily, slamming his fist into the wall. He was so close to getting him, so close to maybe getting revenge on Shao'Lin for killing Faye. But he had just missed him.

'_I could have had him. But now, that bastard is gone, and I have to hunt him down. I will get my revenge, but first I need to make sure this man called Reginald doesn't fall to Shao'Lin too._'

Syaoron looked up at the viewport and he squinted, for there was a smaller ship floating towards them. "That's an Interceptor. But those were used by the special operations force to take out corrupt officers. What the hell is one doing out here?"

The Interceptor began hailing them, and a familiar yet old British voice crackled through. "_UNSC Gale Flower, this is Interceptor 343I calling. Do you read me?"_

'_It can't be himâ€¦but maybe I might have some luck after all,' _Syaoron thought as he picked up the COM. "_This is the Gale Flower. We read you. What is your intention?"_

"_Good to hear you Syaoron. It's been quite the time, hasn't it chap?" _Reginald. It was him. Syaoron felt his lips twitch slightly. "_Hello Reginald. Or should I say, Wyoming. I'm afraid I am trying to get out before Reach explodes. The planet is done for, and the Nova has been armed._"

"_So, that must mean that Faye is dead. I wasn't able to get to her in time. Dammit. If you're going to hunt Shao'Lin down, you're going to need my help. Can I dock on your landing bay?" _the renowned British bounty hunter asked. Syaoron winked his light green. "_Come on in. we have a great deal to plan, and less time to do it in._"

Reginald, code-named Wyoming, was one of the best bounty hunters employed by the UNSC, and his goal was to take out Shao'Lin before he killed the UNSC's best Spartans. Unfortunately, the assassin had caught on and turned the tide onto him, the hunter now being the hunted.

Syaoron waited for about five minutes, and the door to the bridge hissed open, the famous bounty hunter entering with his helmet off. "Syao. When was the last time we spoke face-to-face?"

The amber eyed Spartan shrugged. "Dunno. A few years at least. But enough of the pleasant talk. You said if I wanted to go after Shao'Lin then I needed you. So let's get it done. I want that bastard dead for killing Faye."

Reginald's lips curved upwards into a smile. "So, you want to get revenge on him?"

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Lilly gulped nervously as she looked Tyler, the distance between the two almost teasing. "Tyler!" The brunette male leaned closer, his lips mere inches from hers. "Lilly, I love you. I always have, for I knew Faye was out of my league. That kiss we shared was just a kiss, nothing more. You are the one I pine for."

Lilly cupped the side of his face, closing her eyes. "I wasn't sure if it was just lust, but a few days ago Faye whispered something to me, and I didn't think it was true. She noticed how I felt, and she tried to set us up before she died."

Tyler lowered his head. "I wasn't able to do anything. But I can't even begin to imagine how Syao feels about this. They were lovers for quite some time, and he's gonna take this the hardest. We have to stay by his side during this time."

Lilly sighed and kissed him. "I know. Let's do him a favor and keep quiet, okay? We don't need him getting pissed off even more from our love." Tyler chuckled as he returned the kiss. "Good idea." He broke apart, a serious look on his face. "Let's head up to the bridge and see what the plan is."

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Syaoron nodded, a determined glint in his eyes. "Yes. I want nothing more than to kill that bastard." Reginald smirked. "You haven't changed a bit, mate. And no, I don't mean that in a bad way either. It's good to see that near stubbornness of determination you have. It'll come in handy."

The bounty hunter paused. "However, I must warn you: Shao'Lin is very slippery, and it's not going to be anywhere near easy to even get a good lead on him, even with a hunter like me by your side. But, one thing is for sure: he still doesn't know where I am, and I prefer it that way. I like to be hidden when I get my man."

Syaoron grunted. "So, should be get going?" Reginald nodded, and the doors hissed open to reveal Tyler and Lilly hand in hand. 'So, we've got a plan then?"

Syaoron nodded and faced the viewport, looking out at the stars beyond. '_Faye, I will get my revenge on him._'

The _Gale Flower _engaged the Slipspace drives, although they would need to warm up before they could be used. Behind them, Reach finally

exploded into dust and echoes, taking out all of the remaining life. Syaoron watched as his home became no more. '_That's it. That's the last time I'll ever see it._'

Syaoron whispered so quietly, not even Reginald heard him. "If only I can have you in my arms one last time, I would be happy." The journey to hunting Shao'Lin down was going to be very tough on him, but he had to stay strong, for he had decided to bring his reign of fear to an end.

**A/N: There we go. This is now complete, and I'm happy to have written this story. The sequel, 'Redemption', will be up in maybe a few months or weeks, IDK really. Still, thanks for supporting, and I'll see on the other side.**

**Little Dragon-kun**

End
file.